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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Domestic and Foreign News, Mechanics, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SAXON.

Cold did the wailing breezes blow—
Cold gleamed the moon on ghastly snow!
A freezing night for men in camp,
But colder yet for men to tramp—
To plod their way o'er hill and vale,
And leave behind a bloody trail!
Yet at such time, such freezing hour,
When hearts of adamant did cower,
The cold moon, waning, gleamed upon
The ill-clad troops of Washington.

The coming dawn was drawing near,—
Dusky night did disappear—
The day-stars glimmer far on high,
Faint flashed its twinkle from the sky.
No sound bespoke the coming moon,
And, hist! a far-off hum is borne
Upon the early crispy breeze—
Swell o'er the plains and through the trees;
And then a brazen bugle pealed—
And drum! it comes from MONMOUTH field.

Aye! England's banner waves again
High on the red embattled plain,
And English soldiers hurrying 'long,
Dash 'mid the fierce, contending throng.
And there Columbia's flag outrolled,
Shades swarthy yeomen 'neath its fold,
And there Columbia's patriot band
Fight with the Britons, hand to hand.
Their hurrahs breaking to the sun,
For at their head rides Washington!

The rolling drum, the shrieking fife—
The groan—the cry of ebbing life—
The trumpet's martial turning peal
The lab'ring cannon's creaking wheel—
The stamp of men—the musket's rattle—
All marked the fiercely raging battle!
The onward march—the cheering word—
The bullet's whistle as it whirred—
The ring of steel upon the air—
Well spoke the carnage revelling there.

And thus did ragged freemen strive,
Again, again the fight revive,
And pressing on their hireling foe,
Death dealt around at every blow.
And more than once on this dark day
They clubbed their guns and fought their way,
And sought the maddening murd'rous crash,
Their music dread, the sabre's clash,
And in wild charge, with deafening shout,
They scaled the Briton's strong redoubt.

Thus fought they on, throughout the day,
Till night closed in upon the fray,
When o'er the bloody beaten turf,
Like sands rolled up by ocean surf,
There mangled lay both dead and dying,
While scattered cohorts 'round were flying
To join their different broken bands,
And echoed there the hoarse commands
Of officers who vainly tried
To stem the battle's shifting tide.

* * * * *

The fight was o'er! Did neither yield
The bloody foughten Monmouth field!
No! England's troops in bands well trained,
Again their glistening steel had stained
In foemen's blood, deep purple gore.
Yet not at their dread cannon's roar
Had freemen fainting turned and fled!
Proud had they faced the deathly lead,
And fighting nobly, e'er unawed,
Stretched England's glory on the sward.

And must that flag that floated there,
And covered neath it freemen's men—
That flag, its stars, its azure field—
Which waved when England's column reeled
Must it *now* trail and be abused
Low in the dust! 'neath which have paced
Columbia's sons in battle red—
'Neath which they struggled, fought and bled,
'Neath which our battles are well won—
'Neath which e'en fought George Washington?

Great God! from Thy celestial throne!
Thou Mighty One whom angels own!
Our God, when in far Freedom's dawn,
When fierce dissension was unborn—
Our God, when 'mid the ensanguined battle
Our fate was heard in musket rattle—
Heed, oh! heed a Nation's tears,
Stand by our flag which ever cheers
Columbia's sons—let not one star
Be lost by Civil Discord's jar!

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FIFTY THOUSAND AND FAILURE, OR, WOMAN'S WIT AND MAN'S MANŒUVRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MISS SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY,

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CHAPTER I.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

I wondered if wealth always occasioned such longings and wretchedness as I then realized. I would have made my "quietus with a bare bodkin," lying in my work-box, but for fear of that "bourne from whence no traveller returneth." I wondered if there were a more miserable being beneath the clear stars and crescent silver moon, spangling the dark blue night-skies that beamed down through the open window into my uplifted eyes. I glanced around my elegant chamber, and wished I had been born to poverty and daily toil. I recalled to mind the rosy-cheeked laboring girls I met in my morning drives and evening rambles, and envied their humble and happy lot. I looked down at the costly brocade and point-lace that adorned my youthful form, and yearned for the coarse garb and free-heartedness of the poor peasant.

"Ingrate! to scorn God's gifts, and repine at His blessings!" said thought, in my spirit-ear.

I knew it was sinful, but my restless soul cried, with a great sobbing cry, "poverty and toil! poverty and toil!" My life had been that of a worthless, painted butterfly. I sailed on golden-tipped wings, in the broad sunshine of prosperity and adulation, till my sated soul sickened with feasting on incessant sweets, and I grew weary and debilitated from pampering and inaction. I needed the storms and harsh vicissitudes of life to rouse and invigorate my inert faculties. I smiled bitterly at the furbelowed and fashionable throng, where I had reigned queen of the night. I scorned the memory of it in my heart. I sneered, unconsciously, at the remembrance of the envy and jealousy I had excited among the painted and perfumed fair ones that graced it. I thought it like envying his Satanic majesty for being king of Tophet! How they would start aghast, could they look down in my secret soul now. I repeated the language of inspiration involuntarily, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." Who of that volatile and aristocratic assembly dreamed that the young and dashing belle and heiress had been so soon transformed into a miserable, cynical star-gazer? I went and leaned out into the night air to cool my burning brow, in the sighing south breeze. How the heart suns or sombres external things. The stars looked sickly and faint, though undimmed by the shadow of a shade, and the soft winds moaned and sobbed in the billowy maple-tops like an agonized soul—the same sound, doubtless, that had oftentimes come to my listening ear in waves of rippling music, but the feelings of the heart that listed had changed, and the winds and waves harped in unison with the monotone of the morbid mind. It was past the noon of night, and silence deep and solemn hung over all things. Earth was a great bier, with the black volutes of midnight hanging a funeral pall around the throbless corse of stagnant Nature. I looked and listened till my heart grew big with indefinable feelings, and expanded with the pent-up air of agony, in the heat of thought, till it reached my throat and choked me. I swallowed heavily, but the obstacle maintained its position. My brain grew fiery and sent hot drifts of swift blood coursing through my veins.

"Leap from the window and end this misery!" was suggested by something invisible.

I looked over into the dark below, yearningly and impulsively.

"It will soon be over," I thought, "and I shall rest in the grave."

"*And then?*" said the south wind, as it sang by my ear, blew back the lace curtain, and entered my chamber.

"*And then?*" said a round, full star, as it twinkled and scintillated down in my eyes, and shot a red ray of conviction into my erring soul.

But I was miserable and madly defiant.

"And then I shall rest and be no more!" I cried, impiously.

"*Try it!*" said thought, and my brain cooled as it entered it, and wandered all through my inner life.

"*Try it!*" said the blue sky and the wide, green earth, and the broad expanse of illimitable space.

"*Try it!*" said the martyr Stephen, as I looked up at the painting on the wall and "saw the Heavens open."

"I don't know! I don't *know!*" skeptically exclaimed unhappy humanity, as I bolted the shutter through apprehension of a frantic impulse, and paced to and fro beneath the dim gas-light.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err," came silently to my heated and restless mind.

"Oh! if there were no hereafter!" I cried, regretfully.

"And who would covet the fate of the 'beasts that perish?'" said Intellect, reproachfully.

"I!" groaned wild feeling. "Eternal silence and everlasting forgetfulness of all created things!"

"Who *knows* that there is a state of existence beyond the present life?" whispered the tempter. "If a man die, shall he live again? Who can answer?"

"IMMORTAL!" cried the SOUL, as it writhed beneath its mighty load of guilt and misery.

It was a fearful moment, that longing for death, yet shuddering to meet it.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," mocked Hamlet, from the deep shadow of the bed-curtains.

I turned my eyes towards the dusky corner in superstitious awe. A wraith seemed hidden in every gloomy fold that hung around the luxurious couch. Mental misery was superceded by mortal terror. I dreaded death now, as I had before coveted it. I thought God had sent forth his Destroying Angel, with a flaming sword of justice, to take vengeance upon his enemy. My veins tightened till the delicate chain around my neck grew oppressive. I removed the "grasshopper burden," and laid it, with my watch, upon the bureau. The magnificent mirror reflected my form and face as I stood. Banquo's ghost certainly never looked whiter, and the purple veins lay like whipcords upon my forehead and neck. I was afraid of my own shadow, and fled from it. I would have alarmed the house in my hysterical frenzy, but supreme pride held me silent. I was noted for strong nerves, and dauntless courage, and dread of ridicule made me a martyr in feeling to pride of nature. I thought it a mere phantasm of an over-excited mind, but could not subvert it. I mentally philosophized, even while I shook with superstitious fear and gasped for breath. I had experienced the terrible sensation often before, unknown to all but the Invisible. It would pass away now, as then, I reasoned, and I would refrain from self-exposure. I felt an explosion on the left of the thorax, succeeded by a tingling, strangling sensation of a burning hot fluid, that leaped and hissed through every arterial canal in my quivering system. I thought my jugular vein had burst—I should go swiftly down to the shades of everlasting despair for ingratitude and base skepticism! And with an irrepressible scream, that was, fortunately for my reputation, shut in by the thick walls, and died out unheard by all but the miserable monomaniac, I sank upon my knees beside my toilet-table.

CHAPTER II.

A low, sweet strain of music rose upon the still air as I knelt and soothed my tortured soul. I was destined to live and endure. I could not die nor sink into blissful unconsciousness. I had never fainted since I became an actor upon the stage of this miserable world, though my soul strings had often been strained up by hopeless feeling to almost a breaking tension. At such moments I could not weep nor swoon, nor die—my brain burned and throbbed, and a ponderous obstacle choked up the passway from my lungs to the outer air, yet I was fated to survive and agonize.

The soft, plaintive air drifted mellifluously into my chamber, partially dispelling my wild fears, and relieving an overwhelming sense of loneliness. I knelt with my face buried in my clasped hands, and drank in the liquid melody.

"'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright,
The dew drops blaze beneath its ray."

My heart softened and diminished as I caught the low but distinct words. I recognized the voices that uttered them—they were all suitors for my hand—my *wealth*, suggested my evil genius, and a full wave of the old bitterness rolled through me at the thought.

"Then sleep no more, though round thy heart
Some tender dream may idly play,
For midnight song with magic art,
Shall chase that dream away."

The tears were trickling through my fingers ere the quatrain ended. The great load in my breast leaked through my shut lids, and I breathed freer. I sat down upon the rich carpet, laid my arm upon a chair, and my temple upon that, and sobbed till the last sweet note had melted away, and the retreating foot-falls of the serenaders died out in the slumberous distance. My tears lay in a round glittering pool upon the velvet cushion, when I raised my head. I looked at the liquid lake glowing upon the costly crimson, in the golden rays of the gas-light, and was reminded of Shakspeare's profane but truthful declaration:

"I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And roam with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

Shakspeare never realized the truth of his assertion as I did then; crouched down upon the floor, and gazing upon the appliances of wealth and grandeur, with the great aching void in my heart. Shakspeare wrote from poetic inspiration—I knew from cold, stern, actual reality. I wondered how the English bard would have expressed his feelings had they ever been dark and dismal and despairing as mine. I fancied that, with his capacity for rendering language subservient to his thoughts, the world would have heard a wild wail of soul-anguish, that would have rolled on and on down the dim arches and dusky corridors of life, and mingled with the great funeral anthem of old father Time.

I thought of Byron's sentiment, and the oft-repeated assertion that poetizing serves to relieve an overcharged heart and disperse the thick vapors of a fevered brain. I would test its truthfulness, if there was poetry enough in my soul to form a single stanza. I detached my pencil from the chain on the bureau, and resuming my kneeling position at the toilet-table, threw open a volume of "Amelia's Poems," my favorite authoress, and set my pencil-point upon the fly-leaf, preparatory to action. I had thoughts and feelings full and powerful enough, in all conscience, but how to bring them to rythm and rhyme was the mischief. I mused and scribbled, and all to no purpose—the fly-leaf bore indubitable evidence of failure, with its numerous erasions and incomplete sentences. A half hour flew by, and I had not filled up two lines.

"Nature never meant *me* for a poet, that's certain," I soliloquized, and pushed back my long clustering ringlets impatiently behind one richly-jewelled ear. The impulsive action displaced a snow-white rose-bud woven in my raven curls, and it fell upon the leaf before me. It's delicate petals, so pure and fresh a few hours previous, were now soiled and faded, and suggested a new theme for my idle crayon. I would draw a similitude between it and my own young and wretched life. I was more successful in this effort—the subject suited me; and in about the space of half-an-hour I had produced four iambic hexameter quatrains, which were subsequently destroyed through fear of having them exposed, and forgotten, save the last stanza, which ran:

Though, like this little flower,
So young and bright and gay,
I soon must like it wither,
And pass from earth away!

Reader, it was my *first poem*, and I gloated over it, as a school-boy over a gold medal. My late fright and unhappy sensations were forgotten in contemplating this little brain-drop—this tiny, weak child of the mind. I read and re-read it, with infinite satisfaction, till my first emotions of autorial exultation somewhat subsided, and I discovered the falsehood in the second verse of the fourth stanza.

"All but the 'bright and gay,'" I said, audibly, and set about correcting the error. Unconsciously I bruised my pencil-case between my teeth, and bit my rosy finger-nails, as I meditated and puzzled my brain, in the effort to change the sense without disturbing the sound, but all in vain. I could employ no succedaneum for gay of a corresponding sound, and there was no alternative but to repudiate that, and adopt a different rhyme. I proposed to substitute "beautiful and fair," and, in spite of the synonym, finally acted upon the suggestion, in self-defence. I knew I *was* beautiful—my mirror declared it in plain terms, and the world said so in loud language and unmistakable looks. "*The world!*" I could not forbear sneering at the bitter thought. I should be beautiful and even divine without the dark luxuriant curls, the lustrous black eyes, and the blended lily and rose cheeks, with which God had blessed me, in the opinion of *the world*, so long as I possessed the golden charms—the "almighty dollar!" It was that *the world* worshipped, and flattered, and coveted—*I* was but a unit—a ten without the one—among the thousands of my inherited fortune. My *wealth* had been serenaded through me, the supposed vain and easily-duped medium.

I crushed down the gall that gushed up at such reflections, and turned my thoughts to the poesy-bud before me; and in the course of an hour I had "revised and eliminated" the four stanzas *almost* to my entire satisfaction, changing the third verse of each to octameter, and the rhyme of the fourth quatrain, which read:

Though like this little flower,
So beautiful and fair
I soon shall fade in youth's spring hour,
Of hidden grief and care!

I congratulated myself upon the decided improvement I discovered in the whole poem, but the little vessel did not contain the dark waters that swelled highest in my restless soul, and the effort failed of the desired effect. I was miserable, still, as a lost spirit, for my bitterest feelings were not poured out in song. Like poor Byron, "my soul was dark," and "darkened by *his* shadow!" Rich and beautiful, admired and courted as I was, I loved in vain, and one far beneath me in wealth, but not in social position and extraction. I had met him in the festive throng to-night, and looked coolly and calmly in his deep dark eyes, while my heart throbbed with anguish, and my brain burned like fire, as I beheld the lovely blue-eyed girl upon his arm, that rumor whispered was his betrothed bride. Great waves of the old agony rolled back to my throat and temples, as I retrospected the past few hours. I threw open the shutters and looked out into the purple blackness that preceded the dawn, and Byron's lines recurred to my sympathizing spirit:

"And fiends might pity what I feel.
To know that thou art lost forever!"

I stood there, on the dim, soundless threshold of day, and poured out the great sorrow of my young heart in the following midnight monody:

All alone! the round moon trailing,
White along the midnight sky;
All alone! the wind gust wailing
In the solemn silence by!
Moon est is the heart that throbbeth
In this morning midnight breast;
Dully, with dead thought, it sobbeth,
In a frenzied, fierce unrest.

Through this clouded brain there creepeth,
Now, a spectral memory
With the burning life-blood leapeth,
Maddened by a dream of thee;
Wildly madly I have loved thee,
Through an age of mortal woe;
How unfeeling I have proved thee
Let this wreck of girlhood show

Could this heart be bared before thee,
Thou wouldst shriek and shrink from thought,
Soul-felt softness would sweep o'er thee,
For the ruin thou hast wrought;
Foulest fiends in deep perdition,
Well might now exult to see
Mortal plunged in worse condition,
Through a hopeless love for thee!

Other arms, Clyde, may enfold thee,
Other hearts be pressed to thine,
Ne'er through life will others hold thee,
Fondly, faithfully as mine:
Scorn me—sing and smile in gladness
Yet, ere death thy brow hath pressed,
Thy own soul may writhe in madness,
Black as troops within *my* breast!

"God forbid!" I ejaculated, as I folded the leaf and laid it away in my portfolio. I half feared for the prediction, and prayed that it might never be fulfilled. I smiled at the picture I had drawn of the manly subject—he would not have recognized himself in the character I had given him. I had raved of "scorn" and "heartlessness," and shown him up a cruel monster, for dignified bearing and polite indifference! Truly I had availed myself of the "poet's license," at the outset of my literary career, to the fullest extent! I knew he *once* loved me, and now that I had learned to reciprocate that old-time affection, when too late to recall the past, or change the aspect of the present, I had painted him up in the hues of a gay deceiver. But the end sanctified the means. As the wild ocean lulls after a warring of winds, and rolls moaning away—away—and breaks sobbing upon the shore, the restless sea of my inner life grew calm and placid, and rested at last, when slumber shut the door of memory, and Clyde Everard was for a time forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

They did not suspect the agony of the past night when I entered the breakfast room. They did not imagine the soft, delicate bloom upon my cheeks was but the rose of art, painted by the fingers of pride, to conceal the secret anguish of a tortured heart. They thought me happy, free-hearted and enviable. I was young, beautiful and wealthy—the world paid court at my shrine. No thorn had ever sprung up in my flowery path—no cloud ever dimmed my starry sky, they fancied; while the restless spirit that sentinelled the inner chamber of my life moaned "wo! wo!" behind the deceptive veil of seeming.

My stepfather was kind and constitutionally mirth-loving—one of those good-hearted, easy-minded mortals, who search out the sun-spots of existence, and see a "silvery lining to every cloud." He had married my mother, a poor but honest and honorable man. I remembered their plain, quiet wedding. I thought of it now as I glanced around the luxurious apartment, and over the sumptuous board. We were all poor then, and far, far happier; at least I could answer for *one*. The world left us in solitude, and rolled indifferently by, without a beaver doff of deference and sycophantic spread of its wide, hypocritical mouth.

I longed, in spirit, for the old gable roof that sheltered my childhood; the coarse ingrain carpet; the dimity curtains, looped up with evergreen and dainty knots of cheap lustring; the blue boufet in the corner, that looked down upon the little family circle with a cosy home-air; laden with glassware and stone china; and the tall, old-fashioned clock, ticking lazily in its dim niche, that beat the hours of the long, bright halcyon days that floated away like a beautiful dream, on the calm blue waves of the dear old time.

I looked at the costly window-shades, closely drawn to shut out the clear May sunshine, behind rich volutes of crimson damask and embroidered lace, drifting from heavy gilt cornices, and yearned for the cool, thick shadows of the old maples and clustering jessamine blossoms that poured their golden cupfulls of perfume, of a sweet spring morning, into our humble home, and purpled the low, wide lattice and long piazza with its deep-green fluttering leaves. I listened for the bluebird's call in the tall grass and motley wild flowers of the old field, and the red robin's sweet matin song from the swaying oak boughs, in the wide cottage yard—for the familiar cluck of the proud mother-hen, and the shrill piping of the plump, wriggling brood gathered under a great clump of wild roses, blooming beside the brown door-sill.

My whole soul was brimfull of the memory of other days, as I sat there in the subdued crimson light from the richly-curtained windows, and heard the musical ring of costly silver-plate. All the past of my young life was crowded into a few brief moments of time. My heart was far away, yet they did not suspect the wanderer—they thought that all was gold that glittered.

My stepfather looked up, with characteristic humor in his mild brown eyes. I saw there was peace and pleasantry behind the left pocket of his shining satin vest. I anticipated the words before they came.

"Another serenade last night, my dear. I hope you enjoyed it."

"Certainly—of course, pa."

"Hang the scamps! (with a black frown, but clear glitter of fun in his sober eyes, and about the half-spread mouth,) they disturb my rest continually with their everlasting tin-pan racket and love-sick caterwauling! If you value my peace or your mother's, say yes at once, and end the tri-weekly disturbance."

"To *all?* I don't want but *one*, sir. I'm no Mormon, thank you."

"Deuce take it! hear that now! That girl's a moth in my jacket, mother! Take one, then, and let the rest fiddle and sing to some other fair, away from my window."

"Which one would it please you to encumber me with?"

"Everlasting! there it is! I'm blessed if you don't beat the Jews! Well, there's Mr. Allen, an Apollo in person—take him?"

"Not so fast. I've got enough of beauty myself for one family. Can't afford to part with my individuality and independence merely for gloss, gloves and goatees."

"Ha! ha! I'll be hanged if there ain't conceit and bigotry to the bottom! Then there's Benson—rich little Rufus—sleek as a mole, and loves you like all possessed—how'll he go?"

"Swiftly under the table. I'm his superior in wealth, and he only worships the amount of my fortune that towers over his—not *me*. He's too mortal stingy to allow himself to grow to the medium size of a man, on the score of economy in yards of linen and broadcloth, and his soul is too delicate to stand alone. Without the aid of his gold-mounted cane and seven-story shirt collar, 'twould immediately 'squat up' into everlasting contempt and insignificance."

"Haw! haw! you'll choke me to death with your droll sarcasm! Consider my explosive tendency, or take the consequences. Again, there's Clinton, the Lord Chesterfield of the city—handsome, *habile*, *savant*, *a-la-mode*—all but the wealthy. The noble scion of a reduced house; he'll take, eh?"

"Aye, all he can get, and stake it as soon at the faro-table. He'd bet *me* off for a guinea, had he the right of disposal, and consider me well lost if he won the 'tin.' He has run through two fortunes, and is hunting for a third, to keep his hand in. He shan't have *my* money to practice with—that's flat!"

"Well, blamed if you don't betray closer observation and keener perceptions than I gave you credit for. I thought you never looked farther into a beau than the outside of his shirt-frill. You grow wise in your old age, my dear."

"OLD! That's good!"

"To be sure you are. Don't you see you're past your teens, and away up to twenty-three—horrible! Quite an advanced age for an unmarried lady, my dear. It's high time you were off, girl. There'll be suspicious-looking lines running across your forehead, and crow's feet about your eyes, presently. Time-tracks, you understand—and then it will be the Saturday night of your life probation, and the matrimonial market will be closed. Better make hay while the sun shines, you see, my dear, and get it all carted in before the cloud rises—no man will labor hard for wet grass, you know."

"'Nobody asked you, sir, she said.'"

"Ha! ha! he! he! That's a short reply to a long lecture, but pretty significant. Do you mean to die an old maid then? Honor bright."

"I haven't reflected seriously upon the important subject as yet, sir. I'll try to decide within the next ten years, and inform you of the result of mature deliberation."

"Creation and St. Felix! 'Mature,' with a vengeance! Do you positively intend to reject all your present suitors? Tell me plainly."

"Every mother's son of them."

"The deuce you do! (his eyes expanded and his humorous face grew suddenly sober,) give me a reason."

"Simply, but not solely, because they all love my money and not me."

"How do you know?"

"By the impressions of my soul, that never deceive me."

"Humph! and you pass sentence upon a fellow simply because of the impressions of your soul! A silly conclusion, by the lord Harry! Many an innocent man has been condemned unjustly."

"Not by *me*."

"Jerusha! I wouldn't trust my neck to your mercy in a court of equity, you jump to conclusions too blindly! And so you consider yourself incapable of inspiring genuine, disinterested affection, eh?"

"Among those who seek me for my wealth. I wish I were poor as Job when he sat in ashes and scraped himself with a potsherd."

"*Jerusalem* jiminy! the girl's stark mad, mother! Fit subject for a shaved head and straight jacket! A fine exhibition of gratitude to your kind old uncle for his bequest!"

"I am not ungrateful, pa—I love and revere his memory."

"But regret his goodness! It is unlike you, Ernestine. What has 'come o'er the spirit of your dream,' my child?"

"Sir, just 'nothing at all,' as the bashful man said of matrimony, after he'd wedded his Katy, only I feel remarkably cheap for seeing my money daily and nightly courted and flattered through me. I'm jealous of the sordid stuff for its superior attractions and importance, and as a natural consequence despise it as a most formidable rival."

"Well, I'll venture the unqualified assertion that you are the first one of your sex that ever lamented the possession of wealth. I'm blamed if I can understand it."

"I don't know about that, sir. Wealth is convenient, and coveted by the world at large, but I dare say there are times in the lives of all the rich, when their possessions are a source of sorrow and regret."

"That is, when a suspicious girl like you is the possessor, who regards all men as deceitful and mercenary."

"Look at my forehead, sir—does it indicate a suspicious nature?"

"No, I'll be hanged if it isn't broad and full enough about the temples to mislead one who founds his faith upon Spurzheim's theory. But he wasn't infallible—your head proves it."

"Not at all, sir. A little insignificant creature like me, who hasn't charms enough, apart from her gold, to win the affection of one true and worthy heart, couldn't have been selected by the Creator to refute the whole of the philosopher's argument, and demolish his system at a blow. I am not suspicious nor conceited, else I should consider myself but one remove from a demigoddess, and years ago have engulfed a hook that angled for my wealth through a silly girl's credulity. I'm only mortified and humiliated that I haven't sufficient intrinsic charms to arrest the sensibilities of people of sense and honor, but must be everlastingly pursued by fops and fortune-hunters, who are too constitutionally diaphanous to successfully cover their ignoble design. Individually and collectively, I hate the mercenary and lymphatic sycophants, and that is another reason for discarding all my present suitors."

"Well, my dear, that is a better reason than the first you rendered, (only we're commanded to love our enemies, and you say you hate 'em!) 'Never marry unless you wed,' is a piece of advice well worth remembering and acting upon."

"And to 'make assurance doubly sure,' we must knock at Hymen's door penniless."

"Don't know about that—many a love-match has been made in upper-tendom."

"Perhaps—but *I* shall never be one of that fortunate host. I've tried it. You know I had an offer at fourteen."

"Yes, Clyde Everard. You'd better have taken him, when you were poor as Job's turkey—you couldn't have questioned his love then. He's a noble fellow, my dear, and remarkably gifted."

"I couldn't love him, he was so homely."

"Exactly, but his *soul* was handsome."

"I didn't think of that. I looked only at the exterior."

"Just as many a silly girl has, and lost a prize worth thousands of gold and silver! Age has improved him vastly. Suppose you try again. He's not rich, but you don't care for that—you despise wealth, you know. He's a noble man, my dear."

"H'm! he's well enough, I dare say, to those who think so. Pa, I have a plan in my head."

"Dare say! a harum-scarum one, I'll bet high on that! Pull it out, if you please, and show its complexion."

"Well, sir, since my majority, you have had my fortune entirely under your control."

"Exactly, and well invested; you forced it upon me, you know. Don't fear about that. It's safe as a thief in a mill."

"I'm not afraid, sir. Pa, I wish you to make arrangements to break."

"Eh! what? Everlasting salvation!"

"I wish you to make arrangements, as soon as practicable, to break, burst up, explode, collapse—you understand."

"And have the whole community down upon me for villany—robbing a fatherless girl? I'll be eternally blessed if I do!"

"Then, sir, I shall go immediately to Squire Dean and bequeath my entire wealth to the Orphans' Asylum and Widows' Home. I mean to be *poor*, apparently or in reality. If you will lend me your aid in carrying out my plan I can be an heiress in disguise—if not, a seamstress or 'school-marm' for a living."

My parents looked from me into each others' eyes, in blank astonishment, and the silver-plate that loaded the board danced and jingled spasmodically, as my stepfather's fist fell heavily and excitedly upon the damask cloth. They evidently thought me in a state of incipient insanity, as I swept out of the room, with all the firmness and dignity of a queen.

CHAPTER IV.

"Please, miss, marster wants ter see ye," and John's black face was poked into my chamber through the slightly-open door-way. I was tying on my bonnet, preparatory to going out. The face behind the mirror-surface looked strangely cold and determined. I half wondered at its firmness, so young and fair, and the memory of my dead father came over me as I looked into the dark, resolute eyes, that reminded me of the oft-repeated remark of my old black nurse: "like yer farder, honey, pine blank!"

I certainly inherited his spirit as well as features. My mother was blue-eyed and delicate, shrinking and dependent as a child, while I, self-reliant and proud as Lucifer, asked no sympathy, and scorned all counsel. The hollow-heartedness of the world—the mercenary sycophants by whom I was daily and nightly besieged, had rendered me contemptuous and defiant. I was wildly romantic, too, and longed for one congenial spirit with whom to travel the dusty thoroughfare of the changeful future. I resolved to be sought for myself alone, or die amid the full ranks of that much-abused class, *old maids*.

Thought of the happy days of long ago, when a timid, blushing girl of fourteen golden summers, when Clyde Everard wooed me for his bride, in my humble old-time home, shook up the bitter tears to my cold, dark eyes, but I crushed the white lids over, and shut them tightly down in the deep shadows and gloom of my restless and remorseful heart. I resolved, then and there, with the firm spirit of my father flashing from the midnight orbs reflected in the mirror, *never to weep again* till Clyde Everard was twice won, or lost to me forever. And, reader, *I never did*.

I threw off my bonnet and shawl, and descended to the sitting-room, anticipating the cause of the summons. My parents received me in grave silence. My stepfather spoke soberly at the commencement of his introductory remarks, but smiled mischievously at the close.

"Well, Ernestine, as you are ambitious of being poor, in the estimation of society, we have concluded to make a virtue of necessity, and humor your confounded whim, though it subject me to the abuse and suspicion of the world, rather than have you sign away your kind uncle's bequest, for we well know your everlasting obstinacy; and as you are not a natural dunce, we suppose you have some reason for this unparalleled procedure; and since you are not disposed to be communicative on this point, we are forced to the conclusion that a lord of creation is in the case."

"Pa, I have a reason, and one that I am not ashamed to confess to you. It is because I hate flattery, despise sycophants, and abhor hypocrisy. I am sick of fashion and folly, and the brainless bipeds that flutter in the golden glow of my fortune. Of all that dance attendance upon my will, not one bestows upon *me* one-tenth of the admiration and affection that they lavish upon my *wealth*. I wish to be loved for myself alone, and to test the sincerity of my present worshippers, and future suitors, I mean to stand alone, unaided by the magnetism of gold. I have some heart, with all my foibles and follies, and I don't design to give it to one who will regard it as only secondary to the fortune it brings him."

"Well, I'm hanged if that wouldn't astonish the Jews! *You*, little giddy-headed, vain-hearted girl that I thought you, planning with all the soberness of gray hairs, even at the sacrifice of luxury and ease! You won't put it through, my child; you'll fall on the way, beneath a burden of daily care and labor, before the desired end is accomplished."

"Try me, and see."

"Well, what do you propose? Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter."

"Simply this, sir. Your creditors in New York must come down upon you, and sell this fine old mansion—"

"And what a sacrifice of property that will be! It's worth twenty thousand dollars this hour, and will go for eight, without doubt, under the hammer!"

"Never mind—it shan't go out of my hands, I'll guarantee."

"*Je*-rusalem! you're a puzzle, that's a fact. You'll gallop up, booted and braced, whiskered and spurred, just at the 'leventh hour, I s'pose, and leave the gaping crowd to wonder who the deuce that mysterious stranger is, eh? I like that—it's getting interesting! Well, and I must cart tar for a living, and your mother reign queen of the kitchen—Walter leave college for lack of funds, and you stitch, stitch, to the song of the shirt, eh?"

"You must rent that pretty white cottage, with green blinds, wide serpentine walks, and thick, cool shrubbery; it's pleasant as plebeian,

'And I said, if there's peace to be found in this world
A heart that is humble might hope for it there.'"

"Deuce take your poetry—it's a matter-of-fact business. Well, what next?"

"You must manage to save enough from the wreck of my fortune to keep one servant for ma's especial benefit—Walter must secure a scholarship at college, to keep up appearances, (and, by-the-way, he must remain out of the cabinet, lest his pride betray the secret,) and I will bestir myself to obtain a class in music."

"Well, I'm blest if that isn't all cut and dried, mother! Ha! ha! haw! it makes me laugh to hear her; I begin to relish the joke. When shall I 'pancake on the spot,' pecuniarily, my dear?"

"Just as soon as possible. I long to see the summer birds fly when the winter clouds gather. *Won't* it be amusing!"

"But your fortune, Tiny? There's the interest on fifty thousand dollars, which is three thousand per annum, will all be lost. Of course it must be 'put under a bushel, lest the light attract the moth.'"

"Don't fear about that—there are banks beyond the limits of this corporation, where the 'divine heiress' is unknown."

"Oh, ho! I comprehend. You'll go and deposit it as Tom Turner, or Oily Gammon, I s'pose!"

"I'll take care of the interest; only aid me to carry out the scheme, and be silent."

"I'll do it, by Jupiter, and mum's the word. Mother, I'm a bankrupt!—robbed a fatherless girl of her rich legacy, and made her a 'school-marm!' I hope he'll stand the test, my dear, and prove worthy of the sacrifice."

"Who, sir?"

"The man you're after, to be sure."

"Don't tease. I wouldn't give a faulty fig for all the lovers I have, upon my honor."

"But you're after *one*, you know—you don't mean to die an old maid, that's evident."

"God said, 'it is not good for man to be alone,' and I take it that rule was meant to work both ways. Matrimony is a divine institution, and if Fate designs me to enter it, I'm determined to go there with one honorable enough to believe with him who is styled the 'father of poetry,' (and if he is, all I have to say is, he's got some mighty poor grandchildren!) that 'marriage is a matter of more worth than to be dealt in by attorneyship.'"

My parents exchanged smiles, as the door-bell heralded the approach of a visiter, and Mr. Clinton's voice sounded in the hall. I passed into the drawing-room, devising 'ways and means' to defer his *third* proposal, until after the shock of my stepfather's failure had convulsed the community, feeling confident, from the character of the man, of being spared the annoyance of a third refusal.

At the earliest convenience, my father's store was closed, and the city papers teemed with the startling intelligence of the bankruptcy of Arthur Alston, Esq.

CHAPTER V.

"The rich man down, you see his favorite flies."
SHAKSPEARE.

And now came the test of friendship and affection. Reader, I was half happy in watching the change that came over my former associates and suitors when the aristocratic family mansion had passed into stranger hands, and my stepfather was denominated "the broken merchant."

I sat in my plain little chamber in the white cottage, and sent forth to the city papers poems and satires that stirred up the curiosity of the reading public, and awakened the repeated inquiry "who is it?" But only He who seeth in secret knew the author of the mysterious effusions.

There are some hearts in this fallen world of ours to which wealth and station are not the only passports—hearts that, like Amelia's stars, "the darker the hour, the brighter they shine," and such we found in our low estate, but they were, like angels' visits, "few and far between;" the majority were typified by the flowers, "for they smile in the sunlight, but shrink from the gloom."

My fallen fortunes awakened no sympathy in the hearts of my whilom girl-companions, but rather self-congratulations and coldness. I had been envied and secretly hated for my superior beauty, but courted for my wealth, and now that the golden lever that lifted me up to their seeming favor was lost, I sank into insignificance and contempt, in their estimation. I did not mourn for the neglect, but smiled at the meanness of the souls with which I had formerly been associated.

My stepfather no longer complained of the "tri-weekly disturbance" under his chamber window; the little cottage was too humble to attract the gay butterflies who basked in the golden glow of fortune only, and its nightly silence remained undisturbed; while far away in the fashionable region of my former home floated, often, the soft, sweet notes of the midnight serenade, telling a living lie, to the gratified fair ones, who watched their amorous swains secretly behind rich folds of crimson damask and costly lace, and dreamed of a glorious future with one so fond and devoted as the moustached masculine below!

I did not envy her, as I lay on my humble couch and thought of him who "built his house upon the sand."

Reader, Mr. Clinton never made me the third proposal—my personal charms instantly fell to the freezing point in the thermometer of his estimation, when the warm sun of my pecuniary summer had crossed the equinoctial line of social distinction. His tall, elegant form never graced our cottage parlor, and a careless nod, and impudent stare, in lieu of the former deferential touch of the beaver-rim and gentlemanly air, were the only indications of a previous acquaintance whenever we casually met. He speedily entered the train of another's admirers, and became the envy of a dozen suitors who competed for the rich prize, because of his superior grace and gallantry, which totally eclipsed their little moon of Chesterfieldian manners.

Messrs. Allen and Benson also made the interesting discovery that a hidden fountain yet remained in their hearts untouched by the mighty power of my personal charms, and soon the pure waters flowed in another channel, and danced and sparkled as brightly as in the sunshine of my prosperity.

But, despite these changes, I was far happier than in the stately mansion I had formerly occupied, and my beauty was not destined to pass unappreciated. Those who had heretofore been held in restraint by the grandeur of our surroundings now ventured to approach; and I contrasted with satisfaction their honest, unaffected admiration and friendship, with the fulsome flattery and hypocritical pretensions of those who had sought me for my wealth.

I should have been supremely happy had Clyde Everard evinced the slightest sympathy for our misfortune, and come forward to renew the intimacy of earlier years; but he stood aloof, and went the round of his professional duties with a grave and distant air, that conduced to a choking sensation and curdling of the blood around my heart, whenever chance brought us in contact. Nine years had elapsed since we parted, and yet he had not extended to me the hand of friendship after so long an absence. He had not forgotten nor forgiven my rejection of his suit, in my silly school-girl days. I would have given all my secret wealth to blot the remembrance from the page of the past; but it was the most prominent thought in the great volume of memory, and haunted me day-long and in the silent watches of the night. Subsequent observation convinced me that Dr. Everard was too proud and high-souled to make a second overture for the hand that had once been refused him!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MANLINESS.

A STORY OF NOW.

BY CROSBY.

On the banks of a small stream, flowing smoothly through white sands, where the salt tide comes and goes under a sun whose wealth of light makes summer through all the year, a broad house of the olden time rests upon the summit of a knoll, wings extended, like a huge bird, upon a wide, smooth ocean wave. It is so made up of porches and porticoes with tiers of balustrades, as to be always suggestive of airiness and flutter. A great cubic bird with angular wings and tails. Palm trees lift their broad leaves near its vine-caressed windows, and the odor of flowers mingles with and sweetens the melody of birds. Peeping out from behind a hill in the rear and to the left are clusters of huts, before which globes of soft ebony, with legs and arms and voices, roll about in spherical obedience to the laws of gravitation. Acres joined to acres spread away to the right, the left and the rear, tossing with pyramidical plants of gentle demeanor and lightness of leaf, contrasted with broad, thick leaves of vegetable felt.

The house is ancient and brown, with white on the pillars and porticoes, giving that air of prim neatness which so becomes good matrons of olden memories in snow-frilled caps. The acres are old; a little jaded to be sure with the burdens of decades or centuries; but cheery and vigorous yet, as stout, well-kept, home-cared-for steeds, full of years and grain and honors.

In a city with broad, airy streets, resting on the edge of a smooth crescent of water, from beyond which the sun has its glad resurrection o'mornings and the moon springs up from its ocean baptism at all conceivable hours, a comely house forms one of a rich-faced block. It looks out upon a park where water leaps and sparkles in ever bending and shattering columns.

From the old mansion by the river side a man had driven out upon the highway which points seaward. He was alone and on horseback. A strong man on a strong horse; but both of them listless and dreamy, as the strong are prone to be when at rest.

From the mansion by the park in the city, a carriage and pair had moved briskly towards the suburbs, and thence on the road to the brown winged house by the river side, an old man, his wife and daughter.

The two met between the river-side and city, exchanged salutations and went on—the man to the metropolis, the family to the plantation. The man muttered regrets with somewhat of bitterness; the daughter with an inexpressible sense of relief.

Let us look at the relations of the parties. The two families are old friends—those close and clinging friends who meet in each other's parlors many times a year, and watch each other's progress with careful eyes; whose love takes root beneath the alluvium of the present, where the past packs dense and close and there is something permanent to grasp. Howard, of the plantation, is the eldest son and principal director; for the others are away winning smiles, if they may, from old dame Fortune. Stella, of the city, has neither brother nor sister. Stella has many suitors, and Howard is one of them—the more importunate and invincible because she cannot disguise a preference, and because the connection of the families gives him excellent and oft-repeated opportunities. With many feints and innocent feminine stratagems, she holds the great-hearted Howard away, while she sounds her own impulses and measures her thoughts, to see if they reach the height and depth, length and breadth of that emotion which has taken the name of love. It is hard that a bright-eyed, rose-lipped, singing, but peace-loving child of sixteen must be hunted like a seal upon the shallows, and be driven to most doubtful acts of diplomacy in the desperation of self defence. There must be compensation somewhere, or these anemones in the garden of humane life had better never unfolded to tempt the eye and bring forth impatient hands.

Not that Howard was uncommonly narrow-hearted, narrow-minded or unmanly, but this much of his life had been spent in the old home, caring for the interests of the plantation—with filial assiduity and clear discretion to be sure—and there had come of it a seeming inertia of character, a large, broad quietude of purpose and demeanor which left it doubtful whether there was the metal there which rings. It was really his duty to stay at home, and he had remained. The affairs of the plantation had settled into the grooves which men call routine—well-adjusted grooves which it would have been folly to disturb for the simple luxury of disorder and effort. Hence, there was nothing as yet to call forth the manliness within him, to bring into his muscles, and cheeks, and eyes any fires that might be slumbering elsewhere. And Stella, inheriting from her mother a discretion born of Northern thrift, and from her father a fire kindled under Southern flash and nerve, kept down the impulse of her heart to the level of sound reason, and waited and weighed and wished. And truth to say, there was that in Stella's nature which gave great importance to a doubt like this. Sunny and fresh as a flower, airy and song-loving as a bird, gentle and tremulous as a leaf, there was yet that admiration for the iron in a man's nature which made it impossible for her to love even greatness of heart, where force and will were wanting. And so she indulged misgivings. And so she kept Howard at bay with many an invisible, but potent move of the hand. Below her reasonings ran an undercurrent of feeling which belied her doubts. Howard, of the brown mansion, whence had arisen strong men and heroes other than spirited and noble! The deductions of reason were surely absurd; and yet—

With this "and yet" her Southern blood flashed, and Stella, biting her red lip, said "no," almost stormily. "A man of force and power would *make* opportunities. No. I will say 'no,' if it takes my life."

Months ago Howard had brought himself to her feet, and Stella had said the "no" with that gentleness and regret which leave a man hopeful. And after, when their relations were quite pleasant and friendly, he had referred to it again, and made her promise that "if—if—" she would come to him and lay her hand on his shoulder. It was a little thing, almost amusing, and the foolish child promised.

But Stella was disturbed by what came of it. She was uneasy, nettled by the consciousness that he felt himself half a lover. The state of things became embarrassing, vexatious, and began to create dislike.

If Howard had not met them this morning, with his horse's head towards the city, the day would have been memorable, for something decisive would have been said. So, Stella was relieved as we shrink from a duty involving pain. Howard was disturbed, as men who miss pleasant opportunities.

The carriage rolled to the grand old home by the riverside, and the horse struck hoofs upon the pavements of the city by the sea.

It was the morning of December 26th. The city was turbulent with an intense and all-pervading excitement. Men hurried hither and thither, thronging the streets. Faces wore each a war-like, determined expression. Knots and groups were extemporized for momentary discussions; and there were loud tones with swift gestures. Women and children emerged from apertures in house-roofs, and stood in the morning wind looking off upon the harbor. The stars and stripes waved from the staff at Sumter, and a smouldering fire sent up clouds of smoke from Moultrie. This, then, was the cause of the tumult.

Howard had grown into manhood, a thoughtful and keen observer of public affairs. In the quietude of his home, there was much opportunity for leisurely culture; a culture which might have given his reading a scholarly turn, but for the grave questions which held the public attention during his mental growth. But he had been drawn to political reading, and had given much study to laws and governments. As the result of his wide and frank investigation, coupled with comprehensive cast of mind, he had come to cherish broad and just views upon the questions underlying the present upheaving; and with a half prophetic sense, had prepared himself for conflict with the prevailing tone of feeling. This, in his own room, among his books and papers. A distaste for political manœuvrings and much personal contact, had made him comparatively quiet and unobserved.

Entering the city thus, and meeting angry men at every turn, being continually appealed to to assert excited propositions, it could not but happen that his cool, strange words, few, but true to himself, should attract attention. Then came suspicion. He soon found himself talking earnestly with a strong opponent. Then he was conscious of being the centre of a gathering crowd. Then imprecations, epithets came to his ears. Then the crowd swelled to a mob, missiles flew before his eyes, and the noise of the wild rabble drowned his own words.

Howard ceased and looked about him. A tempestuous sea of angry men, swaying irregularly, like waves among cavernous cliffs, oaths, epithets, missiles, himself reviled, cursed, misrepresented, misunderstood. The mob had caught the sound of "traitor," and summary vengeance was appallingly imminent.

In danger, when cowards tremble, brave men show their utmost quietude and coolness. Howard was never so calm and clear in his life. Mounting a rude rostrum of the pavement, in the midst of missiles, some of them striking their mark and bringing blood, he folds his arms and looks calmly round. Then waving his hand, the dignity of his presence and his invincible coolness check for the moment the turbulence of the mob, and he speaks. In his gestures, his eye, the man and the hero are written and read; but his words fall unheard at first upon the noisy throng. Then there is a lull under the dignity of his pantomime, and sentences find voice. "The brave are always just, and always generous." "Life is as naught to one's truth." "I but think as God has given me to think; I speak, here and elsewhere, that which I believe, and, living, I always will." For a time, while defining his conservative convictions, his voice was permitted to ring out unobstructed; and he achieved the first, greatest triumph of the master orator. But the reaction came; and then the mob, more savage from the previous constraint, burst again into violence, and all was turmoil and danger. A man at a distance levelled a rifle at his breast. Another leaped to his platform and held a pistol, capped and ready.

The carriage of the morning had driven in during the scenes just written, and stood waiting all this while on the edge of the crowd.

"Father, let me go."

"No, dear. Why—what—"

"Let me go."

How Stella reached the stand will never be known, but she stood there, such a shield as an angel might be, a hand on either shoulder, looking back with perfect fearlessness and beauty upon the angry mob. Stella was known, and her presence was shielding.

After the first instant of surprise and check, a few of the baser sort started the hoot and turmoil again. It was spreading as fires spread in August, but the better, braver men of the metropolis dashed this and their own vaulting anger, both and at once, in recognition of the fearless daughter of the white-haired man, whose life had been one with their own. The crowd opened at her beck; the two walked unharmed to the carriage, and it rolled away.

Howard's blood was up; and it must be confessed that even such protection was a doubtful pleasure. Once when a sound of defiance rang out from a corner, he sprang towards the pavement again; but a glance, with something beseeching in it, held him under the spell which had stilled the tempest of hundreds of men less chivalrous than himself.

"What did you say, Howard?" asked the old man, while they drove out upon the open country.

"That we had no right to dismember the Republic;" between his set lips.

"What else?"

"That we were bound in honor to abide the decision of the whole people."

"And then?"

"That the stars and stripes had a right to float from Sumter.

"The worst?"

"That was the worst. I am no traitor to my country or our own institutions."

That night both families were together under the broad roof by the river-side.

That Howard should go away was inevitable; but before he went he said to Stella, as they stood together on the verandah—

"You placed your hand on my shoulder. Did you mean it, Stella?"

Stella placed a tiny hand there again.

He is working bravely now in one of the doubtful States; and Stella has never a thought of misgiving.

We will hope that the brown-winged mansion by the river-side will yet be gladdened in all its antique rooms, and halls, and corridors, by a young and sunny face in bridal pensiveness and beauty; and that the laughter of little children on the wide lawn will yet mingle with the song of the oriole and the thrush.

HEALTHY WOMEN.

Is the Species Extinct in America?

We take the following from an article in the Boston Courier, under the caption of "A Healthy Woman:"

"What is that?" says the reader, "and where may she be found?" Yet healthy women are not like the Dodo, an extinct species, though, like the aborigines, they have long disappeared from a great portion of our country. "Down East," in Maine, specimens are not uncommon; rarely in New Hampshire, and more frequently in Vermont one may by chance be encountered in some out-of-the-way locality; but in the rest of New England, New York, and the great northwest, they practically exist no longer. In Boston, the oldest inhabitant can recall the memory of few, indeed, if any, native born specimens, and we are not entirely sure that one exists or has existed among us for twenty years. To one accustomed to the sight of the buxom and bright-eyed beauties of Kentucky and Tennessee, if he walks on Washington street on a fine day, it seems as if all the hospitals in the world had disgorged their female patients for a last promenade through the chief thoroughfare of Boston.

An evening party is like a *soiree* of convalescents, where the painful sensation of pity for the delicate creatures on every side nullifies all the pleasure of society. Such, at least, is the effect upon a man who has known woman in other lands, where, glorious as God made her, she still enraptures the eye and thrills the heart. With those who have grown up in such associations a taste may have been formed for hollow eyes and chests, for hectic bloom or yellow pallor, and these things be voted *interesting*, but such a depravation is hardly conceivable.

Ill health is so much a normal condition of feminine existence here, that many women who never had a well day in their lives, actually declare and believe themselves healthy. Let them apply to themselves the text of a celebrated physician. "A healthy woman," says Dr. Meigs, "has no experimental knowledge of back, sides, head, lungs, stomach, liver, or any other organ; she is conscious of herself only as one perfect, elastic, and life-enjoying whole." Oh ye poor victims of aches, pains, and languors of neuralgia, and headache, and dyspepsia, ye patrons of pathics, ye deathly mothers of dying babes; ye coughing, groaning, sleepless, complaining creatures, old at twenty-five, and quite broken down at thirty, how near can you come to the old doctor's simple standard of health?

LLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

ednesday Morning, May 15, 1861.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

How can all the Southern braggadocia settle down without some great battle on the shores of the Potomac? The whole South has been as much excited for it as we have for the North. It is so at this moment, and if we could believe Southern newspapers, there ought to be an army of from sixty to a hundred thousand of the bravest men to be found, good marksmen, and used to personal rencontres, concentrating with one single idea, namely, to "wipe out" Washington.

The barbarity of the proposition, and of the men engaged in it, is of course extreme, but it shows an insanity and an amount of treason that probably nothing but some great defeat can cure. For them to be successful would only inaugurate a ten years civil war of the greatest possible exasperation. The slightest mistake, therefore, on the part of our military leaders, would involve the most fearful responsibilities, especially as at this moment no draft has been made by any Northern Governor, and even the volunteers who have come forward, have, within the past week, been sent home again, because the numbers to be furnished by our State are already filled.

The probability is, those who are used to estimate numbers, find that, with all their enthusiasm down South, it is impossible for more than the forces of eastern Virginia, (whatever they may be,) and some fifteen to twenty thousand from the rest of the South, to be now *en route* for Washington, while we have some ninety-four thousand men who would all have to be beaten before the city could be captured.

On the other hand this army now assembling from the entire South has but one cry and one thought. While we are aiming to preserve life and civil government, with all its far reaching objects and its complicated claims, on men and money, they have staked everything on making *a dash* on the Capital, and if they could only command the supremacy for six hours and blow up the public buildings, their insane and brutal ambition would be fully satisfied, their point of honor gained, and we should have, with the humiliation of a defeat, ten times harder work afterwards to humble them, than if by any imposing superiority now easily put forth we should crush them; or before they could concentrate, so cripple and cut off their resources, that they should slink back to their homes without a struggle, or confine themselves to a defensive policy.

All things point to Eastern Virginia as the battle field of one of the most gigantic conflicts in its consequences upon this nation and the future history of the civilized race of man that ever was begun. Physically, the railroads so singularly converge that between Norfolk and Baltimore alone, all the forces on the South on the one side, and the North on the other, can be most easily and with least danger concentrated. Politically, Virginia having been most treacherous and vacillating, deserves to be the seat of this war. She it is who has been for a year furnishing arms of her own manufacture for the South. Now she will see and feel what arms *are*. Her calamities will come as a just retribution. While politically the same divided feeling as to slavery which has caused the whole contest, has divided her own people. Had she been firm and true to her oaths and her allegiance this strife would never have come near her, if indeed it had come at all.

As to Maryland, the same remark applies. Even now her probation is continued. If heartily true to her duty, she may yet be saved from desolation. If not, the fate of Baltimore is sealed.

THE ARMY OF THE CONFEDERATES.

Gen. Cocke, of Virginia, announces that he is about to take a position in front of Washington, at what place he does not say, but probably near Alexandria, where the various railroads of the State converge. Harper's Ferry will be the left and Fredericksburg on the Potomac will be the right of his operations. Fredericksburg is in Spotsylvania county, about ten miles from the Potomac, and about fifty miles south of Washington city. The position assumed by the Virginia General is just on the line of the intended operations by the Federal troops, the latter having the advantage of concentration upon the Confederates' centre, with the certainty of cutting its line in two the moment they advance to Alexandria. The advance of the Pennsylvania and Ohio troops, now near the Maryland line, would also greatly endanger the enemy's left wing. It is impossible, at this stage of the contest, to say where the first operations will begin, but the movement of the Federal troops from Washington towards Baltimore, to secure the line of railroad to Harper's Ferry, and the threatened movement against Alexandria, point to speedy action on the part of the Government, not only to make Washington secure against any possible contingency, but to break up and disconcert the Confederate rebels before they have time to arrange their plans of action. We shall soon see who is master of the position.

Cocke assumes that his attitude is defensive only. He speaks as if he were not in armed rebellion against the lawful government of the country; but inspired only by the humane and patriotic intention of saving the State of Virginia from invasion. He regards it as something unprecedented that the Government should assume a hostile attitude, without first having declared war upon the rebels, wherein he differs from Davis, who says the Government did declare war when it commanded the rebels to disperse. The assurance of these confederate conspirators is a most remarkable feature of their rebellion. They take up arms against their Government, steal its property, obstruct its laws, assemble armies, threaten to seize the capital, and yet all this means peace, and the Government must not make an effort to restrain them from dismembering the Union and sporting with the liberties of thirty millions of people, without going through the formality of recognizing them as independent governments, and making a declaration of war, and still worse, of incurring everlasting odium by its doing so. The Virginia journals talk in the same deprecatory tone. The Alexandria Gazette, looking to the possibilities which may arise from the events forced upon the Government by these defiant rebels, says:

"If the Northern troops commence an invasion of the South, and they or their officers were to inaugurate the system of war proposed for them by their *political* leaders, they would live in history as the most infamous of men—and 'the bloodiest picture in the book of time' would be transferred from the history of France to the annals of America. * * Now, we have no idea *that any aggressive war against the North will ever be commenced by the South;* but, of one thing we are certain, that in all the events of the war, if it should go on, the future historian will have to record the humanity, the forbearance, and the true chivalry of the Southern troops."

If seizing upon the Capital of the country and planting their banners upon Bunker Hill, as announced in the boastful language of one of their government leaders, is not "aggressive war!" what then is it? The art of confounding things by giving them other names is well understood in the South. When they wanted to steal Cuba from Spain, it was "extending the area of freedom," and when Walker invaded Nicaragua with the design of planting slavery there, it was "manifest destiny" and to "give the blessings of free institutions to a benighted people."

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE TAKING OF FORT SUMTER.—General Beauregard has just published his official account of the taking of Fort Sumter. It does not differ much from the accounts already published. The following paragraph occurs in the report:

"The Engineers—Majs. Whiting and Gwynn, Captains Trapier and Lee, and Lieutenants McCrady, Earle and Gregorie, on whom too much praise cannot be bestowed for their untiring zeal, energy and gallantry, and to whose labors is greatly due the unprecedented example of taking such an important work, after thirty-three hours' firing, without having to report the loss of a single life, and but four slightly wounded."

All the official and all the reliable accounts of the taking of Sumter concur in saying it was done without bloodshed, and there is no reason to doubt the fact, notwithstanding the bogus reports of hundreds having been killed. Is it possible that Beauregard, at this late day, could so stultify all Charleston as to make them believe that nobody was hurt, if hundreds of their citizens had been killed?

WHAT THE SOUTH WANT.—The Richmond Examiner says: "We want a Dictator, for the reason that usurpation of power by the chief, for the preservation of the people from robbers and murderers, will be reckoned as genius and patriotism by all sensible men in the world now, and by every historian that will judge the deed hereafter." This want the South is in a fair way of having supplied. It has already submitted to usurpation and dictation from its leaders, who desire to establish a military despotism, and the next step is naturally a Dictator. This is the natural course of anarchy; first the destruction of government and the overthrow of popular rights, and next the permanent subjection of the people to despotic authority by the establishment of a Dictatorship. The course of the seceders has been rapid towards ruin. It begins where most usurpations usually leave off.

THE GREAT OIL REGION.—The recent calamity by fire in the oil region, on what is called the Buchanan farm, has induced measures for guarding in future against such accidents. The well was one of the most prolific in its yield of oil, and trenches had to be dug to hold it till it could be barrelled. The fire which occurred raged with unabated fury for nearly thirty-six hours, at the end of which time the flow of gas having, in a measure, subsided, the flames were extinguished. Nineteen lives were lost, and many seriously burned, though likely to recover.

THE CHANGE OF SENTIMENT,

The changes of sentiment in Maryland, prove several things, chiefly this, however, that we need and must have a stronger government to enforce order, inasmuch as men, at the mercy of a mob, or of local authorities, can be swayed and made to appear unanimously in favor of treason, when in heart they would infinitely prefer the United States Government, if certain only from the outset that it would be able to protect them in life and property, and would punish severely all want of good faith to the Constitution. We have no doubt that there has been a great and sincere reaction of public sentiment in Maryland. The sight of the quiet strength of Northern preparations to overwhelm the whole State of Maryland, and if necessary, to lay Baltimore in ashes, has had a wholesome effect. The quiet vigor and masterly ability of General Scott, in opening his communications through Annapolis, has been not less effectual. But for these two circumstances, there is no doubt that the State of Maryland would have been carried out of the Union by the mob tide, quite as unanimously as Virginia or any other of the secession States appears to have been carried. It is a painful thought, that allegiance sits so lightly on all the Southern States, that they can be swerved so easily from the most solemn of all ties, those of allegiance. But so it is, and the feeling has to be met by a greater strength in the government.

In the meantime, it is of some comfort to know that the most ample preparations are now made against all future treachery on the parts of the would be insurrectionists or the weak Governor Hicks. Had the convention met but a day or two earlier, the disunionists might have carried the day. But now this tide has begun to roll backward, *where will it stop?* Virginia (it begins to leak out) is not out of the union, and will not be at any rate until after the 23d of May. Fifty, at least, voted against the ordinance in convention; and Western Virginia is prepared to secede from Eastern, or, rather, to remain *in* the Union, if the other section goes out. Eastern Virginia has cooled down greatly within a week. Instead of marching to attack the Capital, she is going, her Governor declares, to remain on the defensive. Some of the counties may remain in treasonable correspondence with the enemy if they bring sufficient forces to sustain them, but Western Virginia will be the Virginia of the future, and the rest will be plowed as a field and turned upside down unless it back down by about the twenty-third of May. With Fort Monroe safe, nothing can be done by the rebels at Norfolk. We have so far the complete command of the Chesapeake and the Potomac.

In this state of things, it is probable that North Carolina may think it not advisable to take any further violent steps in the direction of secession. Her people may be as unfriendly as they dare, but no formal vote has declared her out of the Union, and plenty of her own sons may arise directly the right moment arrives to show that the whole "acclamation" by which she has been declared out, not being ratified, is a nullity.

The Cotton States have gone too far to recede. But Fort Pickens is safe, and the other Forts could probably be recaptured. At present the extreme South appears as united as the North, but a display of vigor, and success attending it, may alter the appearance of affairs materially.

Before a strong force, and our mild, firm constitutional government, secession will be a sort of Jonah's gourd, that came up in a night and perished in a night. But the effects will not pass. The South will never again be trusted with the political power and consideration she has thus far enjoyed. Selfish, proud and scornful, she has alienated the North, and betrayed every political party that has acted with her. She is too corrupt to make an alliance with, and must now be compelled to observe the Constitution by a strong administration of the government.

POSITION OF THE BORDER STATES.

The nature of the present contest is becoming every day more and more apparent to the whole world. It is whether the industrious many, or a few wealthy oligarchs shall govern the country. Not that even this few represent by any means the wealth of the country, but just that combination of one particular monopoly or form of wealth or aristocracy which has kept all other forms in subjection, in order to protect itself. That it has in the grossest manner injured and would now destroy all that it cannot rule and tyrannize over absolutely, is clear.

The proofs of all this are daily more and more obvious in the border States. In Baltimore, for instance, only the day before the outbreak upon the troops, some gentlemen of the highest respectability went round personally to all the mechanics' workshops and the store keepers, and, by personal conversation, assured themselves that the great body of the people of that city were overwhelmingly against secession. But a few men of large property, by money and the pressure of money influence in various ways, have bought and armed the mob that are now the terror of honest men in that city. No wonder the masses of the people are anxious for the United States to assert its legitimate authority.

In like manner, the great body of the people of Maryland are beyond all question Union-loving men. But the Senate, and probably the whole Legislature, are yet willing to go to every length they dare to uphold, not that constitution which each one is sworn "to support," before he can enter on the duties of his office, but that under which Jefferson Davis is attempting to pillage and lay waste the whole country; support the slaveholding few by force of arms against the constitution and the industrious and intelligent many.

The reason why in these border States the Legislature does not represent the wishes of the people is, that in the South every man who gets a property of any size, however little, is, by the nature of things, forced to own slaves—his house servants at least, because slavery has driven out other kinds of reliable domestic help. Even in mechanical and farming pursuits, this is in a measure true. The result is that as the Legislature is generally composed of slave holders, though the mass of the people are not in favor of supporting it against and beyond the Constitution, yet they will go with the most extreme in affiliating with the cotton States, their oaths and the Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. Yet the masses of the people are obviously and entirely in favor of a vigorous support of the laws and government. The people are at this moment acting one way so far as they dare, and their rulers the other, so far as they dare.

The same thing is true in all the border States. In Missouri, the Governor is insolently and offensively opposing President Lincoln and his constitutional power to call out troops. In this he is backed by a few wealthy slaveholders, and the rest of the people, however bitterly opposed in heart to all this, are paralyzed by the torpedo touch of the disunionists. Kentucky, on the same principle, proposes, that is her Governor does, to remain neutral, and even in Tennessee there is no doubt precisely the same state of things prevails.

In the army and navy, though some of the officers have proved treacherous and deserted their flag and oaths of allegiance, there has been no such traitorous disposition among the men. Nor is there any doubt that in most of the cotton States, with a fair expression of opinion, vast numbers of the people, including all not interested in the slave system by property ties, would go heart and hand against disunion if they dared to do so. The great question is whether the United States is to permit the few owners of one particular species of property, to combine and conspire to destroy all other property, the noblest government ever framed, and the right of the people to govern themselves. In Maryland, and even in Virginia, remove the torpedo of disunion for an instant, and the whole people will rise up from the ground as one man armed and equipped, and ready to support the Constitution and the Government against all disunionists.

WHY HIS NAME WAS NOT TO IT.—The name of the Secretary of State of Delaware did not appear to the recent Proclamation of the Governor of that State. Mr. Ridgley, the Secretary, gives the following reasons for its omission:

"First: I had never seen the paper, or known that it was in existence, until it appeared in the Delaware Gazette of Friday last; and I had no official knowledge of it until the mail from below arrived here, about six o'clock this afternoon, bringing to me from the Governor a copy of the paper, with sundry other official documents. Secondly: The paper is not properly a proclamation, not being under the Great Seal of the State, and for me to have affixed my signature to it, (had the opportunity been offered to me to have done so,) would not only have been unnecessary, but in my judgment, improper. By our laws the Secretary of State is made the keeper of the Great Seal; hence it is not only customary, but right and proper that the name of the Secretary of State should be officially signed to every instrument to which the Great Seal is affixed, as the proof is thereby given that the impression is the Great Seal, and affixed by the proper official. But it has never been the custom to sign the name of the Secretary of State to any instrument emanating from the Governor to which the Great Seal is not required."

OFFICIAL REPUDIATION OF DEBTS.—By a proclamation from the Governor of Georgia, which we give in another column, that State surpasses Virginia and Tennessee in the lofty method of her swindling. All parties in Georgia are forbid paying anything to northern creditors. Letters have been received here from the banks of that State acknowledging the collection of debts for Northern houses, the proceeds of which had been placed to the credit of the State of Georgia. The rebellion, begun in theft of government property, is to be carried on by robbery of private individuals and the abuse of the confidence which honest men mistakenly reposed in Southern good faith and integrity. A war on "property" is, however, a game that two can play at, and the South is not so invulnerable in this respect that she can afford to set the example.

OUR CONSTITUTION.

It may be safely said that our Constitution is undergoing such a trial of its strength in the present rebellion as probably no constitution before ever underwent without being destroyed. And the courageous and firm manner in which the Government at Washington has announced to the world, in the midst of the storm, that the thought of the dissolution of the Union is not entertained by any statesman here, will be supported at all hazard and by all parties.

The finances of the United States were chiefly relied upon to destroy the Government, and but for the abundant harvest at the North, filling the North with food and wealth, while famine has impoverished the whole South, there is no telling to what extent this might have succeeded. As it is, there is a boundless credit to support our Government. For secure and permanent investment, no national stock is so good, since it may now be regarded as a settled fact that no force can overthrow, and no treachery undermine, a Government reposing so directly upon the affections of the whole North. The dividends will always be paid, and directly the war approaches to a termination, these funds will rise rapidly. If the Constitution can survive, as we now all feel sure that it can and will, the present momentous struggle with secession on account of slavery, it can and will stand everything, by the aid of God's good providence.

So soon as the Southern fever has been allowed to spend its force, the patient will be left weak and helpless as an infant, as after any other fever, and the most rebellious will find out that all which has been done has been unconstitutional and void, in not having been duly submitted to and ratified by the people. Then it is that the Constitution will appear in its own quiet power and strength, with the forts, and post-office, and custom houses of the ports in possession of the United States, and no persons recognized as Governor, or Judge, or civil officer, but such as solemnly swear "to support the Constitution," there must and will arise a strong Union party at the South. And that oath, so treacherously broken in the past, will yet prove the cable which will draw back quietly and effectually the whole South to duty and allegiance. By the Constitution of the United States, solemnly assented to by the people of each of the States, no State officer or legislator, as well as officer of the United States, can enter on his office without solemnly swearing to support the Constitution. This is the great strength of the whole arrangement. A few men who have sworn thoughtlessly may violate their oaths, but no body of men ever at the South will be found to take such an oath regularly, intending to violate it, and without it they will not be State officers, or recognized as such. This will, in due time, bring out an under-current of loyalty to the Union, when passion has died away. The vile excesses which have been practiced are daily coming to light and tending to reaction.

CRUSHING THE REBELLION.

The Southern States are like a gamester at play who ventures all upon a single throw. They played a bold and desperate game to break up the Union, failed, and now have nothing else to do than to fight it out desperately, for everything depends upon this their last recourse. They are preparing for the fight, with a full consciousness of the power they are about to engage, and will leave no means unattempted, which can promise to make the contest a sanguinary one for their opponents. In men accustomed to arms, they are probably better prepared than some of our soldiers, and hence may at first obtain successes, encouraging to more desperate efforts. But eventually, Northern pluck and Northern numbers, with greater resources for carrying on a war, more at command, must triumph. The task, however, will not be the light one some imagine. The Government seems to have a better appreciation of its difficulties than the popular mind, and hence it is assembling a force of most formidable numbers, such as has never been in arms on this continent, to vindicate the Government, and the popular right of governing by popular majority.

The call for troops has been responded to with a promptitude rarely witnessed. All the loyal States have offered more men than can be accepted, yet the offers are still pouring in. In Ohio the Adjutant General purposes to muster into service one thousand companies, or one hundred thousand men from that State alone. New York and Pennsylvania can each send as many more. With such spirit and such means, the result eventually cannot be doubted. The immediate danger is in under-estimating the rebels and their resources. They are assembling in very large numbers. Every railroad train from the South brings toward Virginia a supply of troops, generally well armed, especially those from the Cotton States, where they have been preparing so long for this rebellion, and where they stole enough arms to equip themselves and their neighbors. Virginia and Tennessee appear to be worse off for arms; and those from Kentucky, who have joined the secession ranks, are entirely without them, inasmuch as they could not get them from the State, still in the Union. This deficiency they have the ability to supply, and they will come into the field as well armed as we.

Everything, therefore, depends upon discipline and a thorough knowledge of a soldier's duty. Discipline and courage are the real elements of success in battle. So old and true a soldier as Scott will not venture into the field till he is fully prepared for the fight, for with him every battle is but a step toward an end, predetermined to accomplish. Our troops will have one great advantage in the confidence so good a leader inspires. They have also the honor of their flag to maintain, and above all the maintenance of popular government and popular liberty now sought to be overthrown, that a military despotism and oligarchy may be established upon its ruins. It is the old fight for freedom for which our forefathers so liberally shed their blood in the Revolution. The old battle of democracy against aristocracy which Cromwell fought and won two hundred years ago.

THE RIGHTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The border State journals are discussing the question of the right of the U. S. Government to assemble troops at Cairo, in Illinois. In the opinion of those neutral States, with Southern sympathies, the rights of the United States are restricted to a circle so limited that the Government possesses nothing which it can call a right. It has no right to its forts, no right to its mints, no right to its arms and munitions of war, no right to any of the seceded territory, no right to march troops over territory of States which treasonably declare themselves to be neutral in a contest between the Government and the rebels who assail it, and now, more insolent still, the Government is told that it has no right even to assemble troops in a territory which never has and does not mean to secede. As the rebels and their sympathizers would define rights, they are all on the side of rebellion—none on the side of Federal law and Federal authority. It matters but little, however, how opinion may settle questions of this sort; the Federal Government has rights, and rights which it means to make respected by the power which is at its command. The border neutral States will be no obstruction to the exercise of those rights. Those States are already out of the Union in feeling, and will be considered so formally the moment they interfere to thwart the efforts of the Government to restore its legitimate authority over the insurrectionary States. Instead of discussing the rights of the National Government in a way to restrict its legitimate power, the professedly neutral States had better consider their duties to their Government, and by performing them in good faith avoid the consequences of complicity with rebellion.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

The military authorities at the various places at which the recently enlisted volunteers are assembled in large bodies are subjecting them to stricter discipline, with a view of correcting license and disorder. In Washington city one hundred and fifty of Ellsworth's Zouaves have been dismissed for offences against order and propriety, and the drinking-houses on Sunday were ordered to be closed. At Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, there was a collision a day or two ago, between the civil authorities and some of the volunteers from the Northern counties, which, at one time, threatened to be serious. It is a difficult matter, of course, to restrain men new to military service, especially when they have the range of a city or town, and can obtain intoxicating drinks without stint. Half the disorder of a camp, or the turbulence witnessed among the recruits is the result of drunkenness, and the strictest means should be taken to put a stop to this vice. In this city, where so many troops are quartered, we see the disposition manifested among them to indulge to excess in drinking, which cannot be too soon put under restraint. The habits which the young recruits are thoughtlessly acquiring, are the very worst for good service in the field, and therefore the restraints which are necessary to military discipline cannot be too early practiced. It is in the power of the officers by example and precept to curb this tendency to license, and it is for the good of the soldiers that strict military discipline should be enforced at once.

JOHN BELL seems to be getting along rapidly since joining the rebels, though some of his friends in the West declare that he is still a Union man. The Nashville Banner says Mr. Bell spoke, last week, at Tusculum, near Nashville, in connection with Andrew Ewing, where he expressed his willingness to head a regiment himself to march in defence of the South against the Federal Government.

CLOSED FOR SOME TIME.—A proprietor of a lager beer house in Richmond, Va., has closed his establishment in consequence of the blockade cutting off his communication with Reading, his source of supply. He promises to reopen on the day Southern Independence is acquired and acknowledged.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON THE WAR.

TREASON MUST BE CRUSHED.

SPEECH TO THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

Senator Douglas was publicly received by the Illinois Legislature on the 25th ult., and made a patriotic speech, urging immediate action in support of the Government. He said:

I am not insensible to the patriotic motives which prompted you to do me the honor to invite me to address you on this occasion upon the momentous issues now presented of the condition of our country. With a heart filled with sadness and grief, I comply with your request.

For the first time since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, a wide spread conspiracy exists to destroy the best Government the sun of Heaven ever shed its rays upon. Hostile armies are now marching upon the Federal capital, with a view of planting a revolutionary flag upon its dome, seizing the national archives, taking captive the President elected by the hands of the people, in the hands of Secessionists and Disunionists. A war of aggression and of extermination is being waged against the Government established by our fathers. The boast has gone forth by the Secretary of War of this revolutionary Government, that on the first day of May the revolutionary flag shall float from the walls of the capitol at Washington, and that on the fourth day of July the revolutionary army shall hold possession of the Hall of Independence.

The simple question presented to us is whether we will wait for the enemy to carry out this boast of making war upon our soil, or whether we will rush as one man to the defence of the Government and its capital, to defend it from the hands of all assailants who have threatened it. Already the piratical flag has been unfurled against the commerce of the United States. Letters of marque have been issued, appealing to the pirates of the world to assemble under that revolutionary flag, and commit depredations on the commerce carried on under the Stars and Stripes. Hostile batteries have been planted upon its fortresses; custom houses have already been established; and we are required now to pay tribute and taxes without having a voice in making the laws imposing them, or having a share in the distribution of them after they have been collected. The question is whether this war of aggression shall proceed, and we remain with folded arms, inactive spectators, or whether we shall meet the aggressors at the threshold and turn back the tide?

So long as there was hope of peaceful solution, I prayed and implored for compromise. I can appeal to my countrymen with confidence, that I have spared no effort, omitted no opportunity, to adopt a peaceful solution of all these troubles, and thus restore peace, happiness, and fraternity to this country. When all propositions of peace fail, there is but one course left to the patriot, and that is to rally under the flag which has waved over the Capitol from the days of Washington, and around the Government established by Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and their compeers.

What is the alleged cause for this invasion of the rights and authority of the Government of the United States? The cause alleged is, that the institutions of the Southern States are not safe under the Federal Government. What evidence has been presented that they are insecure? I appeal to every man within the sound of my voice to tell me at what period, from the time that Washington was inaugurated down to this hour, have the rights of the Southern States, the rights of the slaveholders, been more secure than they are at this time? When, in the whole history of this Government, have they stood on so firm a basis? For the first time in the history of this Republic there is no restriction by act of Congress upon the institution of slavery anywhere within the limits of the United States. Then, it cannot be the Territorial question that has given them cause. When was the Fugitive Slave law executed with more fidelity than since the inauguration of the present incumbent of the Presidential office? Let the people of Chicago speak and tell us when were the laws of the land executed with as much firmness and fidelity, so far as fugitive slaves are concerned, as they are now. Can any man tell me if any one act of aggression has been committed or attempted since the last Presidential election that justifies this disruption of the Federal Union?

I ask you to reflect and then point out any one act that has been done, any one duty that has been omitted to be done, of which any one of these disunionists can justly complain. Yet we are told, simply because one party has succeeded in a Presidential election therefore they choose to consider that their liberties are not safe, and, therefore, they will break up the Government.

I had supposed that it was a cardinal and fundamental principle of our system of Government that the decision of the people at the ballot box, without a fraud, according to the forms of the Constitution, was to command the explicit obedience of every good citizen. If their defeat at a Presidential election is to justify the minority, or any portion of the minority in raising the traitorous hand of rebellion against the constituted authorities, you will find the future history of the United States written in the history of Mexico. According to my reading of Mexican history, there never has been one Presidential term from the time of the revolution of 1820 down to the day when the candidate elected by the people ever served his four years. In every instance, either the defeated candidate has seized upon the Presidential chair by the use of the bayonet, or he has turned out the duly elected candidate before his term expired. Are we to inaugurate this Mexican system in the United States of America? Suppose the case to be reversed: Suppose the Disunion candidate had been elected by any means—I care not what, if by any means in accordance with the forms of the Constitution—at the last Presidential election. Then suppose the Republicans had raised a rebellion against his authority. In that case you would have found me tendering my best efforts and energies to John C. Breckinridge to put down the Republican rebels. And if you had attempted such a rebellion, I would have called forth all the power and energies of the country to have crushed you out.

The first duty of an American citizen, or of a citizen of any constitutional Government, is obedience to the Constitution and laws of his country. I have no apprehension that any man in Illinois, or beyond the limits of our own beloved State, will misconstrue or misunderstand my motive. So far as any of the partisan questions are concerned, I stand in equal, external and undying opposition to the Republicans and the secessionists. You all know that I am a good partisan fighter in partisan times. And you will find me equally as good a patriot when the country is in danger. Now, permit me to say to the assembled Representatives and Senators of my good old State, composed of men of both political parties, in my opinion it is your duty to lay aside your party creeds and party platforms; to lay aside your party organizations and partisan appeals; to forget that you were divided until you have rescued the Government and the country from their assailants. Then resume your partisan positions, according to your wishes. Give me a country first, that my children may live in peace; then will we have a theatre for our party organizations to operate upon.

We are called upon to fold our arms, allow the national capital to be seized by a military force under a foreign, revolutionary flag; to see the archives of the government in the hands of a people who affect to despise the flag and Government of the United States. I am unwilling to fly from the Federal Capitol. It has been my daily avocation, six months in the year, for eighteen years, to walk into that marble building, and from its portico to survey a country at the North and that lying south of the Potomac. I believe I may with confidence appeal to the people of every section of the country to bear testimony that I have been as thoroughly national as any man that has lived in my day. And I believe if I should make an appeal to the people of Illinois, or of the Northern States, to their impartial verdict, they would say that whatever errors I have committed have been in leaning too far to the Southern section of the Union against my own. I think I can appeal to friend and foe—I use it in a political sense, and I trust I use the word foe in a *past* sense. I can appeal to them with confidence that I have never pandered to the prejudice or passion of my section against the minority section of this Union; and I will say to you now, with all frankness and in all sincerity, that I will never sanction nor acquiesce in any warfare whatever upon the constitutional right or domestic institutions of the people of the Southern States. On the contrary, if there was an attempt to invade those rights, to stir up servile insurrection among their people, I would rush to their rescue and interpose, with whatever of strength I might possess, to defend them from such a calamity. While I will never invade them, while I will never fail to defend and protect their rights to the full extent that a fair and liberal construction of the Constitution can give them, they must distinctly understand I will never acquiesce in this invasion of our constitutional rights.

It is a crime against the inalienable and indefeasible right of every American citizen to attempt to destroy the Government under which we were born. It is a crime against constitutional freedom and the hopes of the friends of freedom throughout the wide world, to attempt to blot out the United States from the map of Christendom. Yet this attempt is now being made. The Government of our fathers is to be overthrown and destroyed. The capital that bears the name of the Father of his Country is to be bombarded and levelled to the earth among the rubbish and dust of things that are past! The records of our Government are to be scattered to the four winds of Heaven. The constituted authorities placed there by the same high authority that placed Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Jackson in the chair, are to be captured and carried off to become a by-word and a scorn to to the nations of the world.

You may think that I am drawing a picture that is overwrought, and not describing a fact. No man who spent the last week in the city of Washington, will believe that I have done justice to it. You have all the elements of the French revolution surrounding the Capital now, and threatening it with its terrors. Not only is its Constitutional Government to be stricken down; not only is our flag to be blotted out, but the very foundations of social order are to be undermined and destroyed; the demon of destruction is to be let loose over the face of the land, a reign of terror and mob law is to prevail in each section of the Union, and the man who dares to plead for the cause of justice and moderation in either section is to be marked down as a traitor to his section. If this state of things is allowed to go on, how long before you will have the guillotine in active operation?

I appeal to you, my countrymen—men of all parties—not to allow your passions to get the better of your judgments. Do not allow your vengeance upon the authors of this great iniquity to lead you into rash, and cruel, and desperate acts upon those who may differ with you in opinion. Let the spirit of moderation and of justice prevail. You cannot expect within so few weeks after an excited political canvass that every man can rise to the level of forgetting his partisan prejudices and sacrificing everything upon the altar of his country; but allow me to say to you, whom I have opposed and warred against with an energy you will respect, allow me to say to you, you will not be true to your country if you ever attempt to manufacture partisan capital out of the miseries of your country. When calling upon Democrats to rally to the tented field, leaving wife, child, father and mother behind them to rush to the rescue of the President that you elected, do not make war upon them and try to manufacture partisan capital out of a struggle in which they are engaged from the holiest and purest of motives.

Then I appeal to you, my own Democratic friends—those men that have never failed to rally under the glorious banner of the country, whenever an enemy at home or abroad has dared to assail it—to you, who I believe to be the purest patriots that ever lived—do not allow the mortification, growing out of a defeat in a partisan struggle, and the elevation of a party to power that we firmly believed to be dangerous to the country—do not let that convert you from patriots into traitors to your native land. Whenever our Government is assailed—when hostile armies are marching under rude and odious banners against the Government of our country, the shortest way to peace is the most stupendous and unanimous preparation for war. The greater the unanimity, the less blood will be shed. The more prompt and energetic the movement, and the more important it is in numbers, the shorter will be the struggle.

Every friend of freedom, every champion and advocate of constitutional liberty throughout the land, must feel that this cause is his own, and that there is and should be nothing that ought to be disagreeable or humiliating to men who have differed in times of peace on every question that could divide fellow men, to rally in unison in defence of the country and against all assailants. While all the States of this Union and every citizen of every State, has a priceless legacy dependent upon the success of our efforts to maintain this Government, we in the great valley of the Mississippi have peculiar interests and inducements to the struggle. What is the attempt now being made? Seven States of this Union chose to declare that they will no longer obey the behest of the United States; that they will withdraw from the Government of our fathers; that they will dissolve, without our consent, the bonds that have united us together. But, not content with that, they proceed to invade and obstruct our dearest and most inalienable rights secured by the Constitution. One of their first acts is to establish a battery of cannon upon the banks of the Mississippi, on the dividing line between the States of Mississippi and Tennessee, and require every steamer that passes down the river to come to under a gun, to receive a Custom-House officer on board to prescribe where the boat may land, and upon what terms it may put out a barrel of flour or a cask of bacon—upon the river and upon the borders of these States, to cut off our freedom of trade.

We are called upon to sanction this policy. Before consenting to their right to commit such acts, I implore you to consider that the same principle which allows the Cotton States to exclude us from the ports of the Gulf, would authorize the New England States and New York and Pennsylvania to exclude us from the Atlantic, and the Pacific States to exclude us from the ports of that ocean. Whenever you sanction this doctrine of Secession, you authorize the States bordering upon the Atlantic and Pacific oceans to withdraw from us, form alliance among themselves, and exclude us from the markets of the world and from communication with all the rest of Christendom. Not only this, but there follows a tariff on imports, levying of taxes upon every pound of tea, and coffee and sugar, and every yard of cloth that we may import for our consumption; the levying, too, of an export duty upon every bushel of corn and every pound of meat we may choose to send to the markets of the world to pay for our imports.

Bear in mind that these very Cotton States, who in former times have been so boisterous in their demand for free trade, have among their first acts established an export duty on cotton for the first time in American history.

It is a historical fact, well known to every man who has read the debates of the Convention which framed the Constitution, that the Southern States refused to become parties of the Constitution, unless there was an express provision in the Constitution prohibiting Congress to levy an export duty on any product of the earth. No sooner have these cotton States seceded than an export duty is levied; and if they will levy it on their cotton, do you not think they will levy it on our pork, and our beef, and our corn, and our wheat, and our manufactured articles, and all we have to sell? Then what is the proposition? It is to enable the tier of States bordering on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and on the Gulf, surrounding us on all sides, to withdraw from our Union, form alliance among themselves, and then levy taxes on us without our consent, and collect revenue without giving us any just proportion or part of all the amount collected. Can we submit to taxation without representation? Can we permit nations foreign to us to collect revenues of our products—the fruits of our industry? I ask the citizens of Illinois; I ask every citizen of the great basin between the Rocky mountains and Alleghenies; in the valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri, to tell me whether he is ever willing to sanction a line of policy that may isolate us from the markets of the world, and make us dependent provinces upon powers that thus choose to isolate us?

I warn you, my countrymen, whenever you permit this to be done in the Southern States, New York will very soon follow their example. New York, that great port, where two-thirds of all our revenue is collected, and whence two thirds of our goods are exported, will not long be able to resist the temptation of taxing fifteen millions of people in the great West, when she can monopolize the resources and release her own people thereby from any taxation whatsoever. Hence I say to you, my countrymen, from the best consideration I have been able to give to this subject, after the most mature reflection and thorough investigation, I have arrived at the conclusion that, come what may, war, if it must be, although I deplore it as a great calamity, yet, come what may, the people of the Mississippi Valley can never consent to be excluded from free access to the ports of the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf of Mexico.

Hence, I repeat that I am not prepared to take up arms, or to sanction a policy of our Government to take up arms, to make war upon the rights of the Southern States—upon their institutions, upon their rights of persons or property; but, on the contrary, would rush to their defence, and protect them from assault; but, while that is the case, I will never cease to urge my countrymen to take arms to fight to the death in defence of our indefeasible rights. Hence, if a war does come, it is a war of self-defence on our part. It is a war in defence of our own just rights; in defence of the Government which we have inherited as a priceless legacy from our patriotic fathers; in defence of those great rights of freedom of trade, commerce, transit, and intercourse from the centre to the circumference of our great continent. These are rights we must struggle for and never surrender.

I have struggled almost against hope to avert the calamities of war, and to effect a reunion and reconciliation with our brethren in the South. I yet hope it may be done, but I am not able to point out to you how it may be. Nothing short of Providence can reveal to us the issue of this great struggle. Bloody—calamitous—I fear it will be. May we so conduct it, if a collision must come, that we will stand justified in the eye of Him who knows our hearts, and who will justify our every act. We must not yield to resentments, nor to the spirit of vengeance, much less to the desire for conquest or ambition.

I see no path of ambition open in a bloody struggle for triumphs over my countrymen. There is no path of ambition open for me in a divided country. Hence, whatever we may do must be the result of duty, of conviction, of patriotic duty—the duty we owe to ourselves, to our posterity, and to the friends of constitutional liberty and self government throughout the world.

My friends, I can say no more. To discuss these topics is the most painful duty of my life. It is with a sad heart—with a grief that I have never before experienced—that I have to contemplate this fearful struggle; but I believe in my conscience that it is a duty we owe to ourselves and our children, and our God, to protect this Government and that Flag from every assailant, be he whom he may.

HON. EDW. EVERETT ON THE WAR.

On Wednesday night Mr. Everett made an address in Roxbury, Mass., for the benefit of the families of the volunteers of that place. After reviewing the doctrine of secession, he said:

But I am willing to stake the great issue on this amendment. The Constitution does expressly delegate to the United States all the powers of a sovereign State, with respect to international and interstate affairs; the whole war power; the whole admiralty power; the whole commercial power; the whole financial power; the power to regulate and dispose of the public territory; the power over the Indians, over the Post-office and Post-roads; over the army, the Navy, the dock yards, the arsenals. All these powers and many others are expressly delegated to the United States, and as expressly prohibited in the individual States. The Constitution of the United States, (to which the people of South Carolina assented on the 23d May, 1788, as much as they ever assented to their State Constitution,) distinctly provides that no State shall keep troops or ships of war, or issue letters of marque and reprisal, or enter into any treaty, alliance, or *confederation;* and yet, in the face of this express delegation of powers to the United States and their express prohibition to the States, the seceding States have undertaken to exercise them all; have entered into a "confederation," raised an army, issued letters of marque and reprisal, and plunged into a war against the government, which every magistrate and officer among them was under oath to support, and all in virtue of having first uttered the magic words, "we secede." The history of the world does not furnish another such monstrous usurpation!

Such is the nature and foundation of the war in which we are engaged. As you perceive, it is for the very existence of the Government; it is a contest in which no good citizen can remain neutral. I am often asked how long I think it will last; but that is a question that the South alone can answer. She makes the war; she has seized by surprise such of the strongholds of the country as she was able; she has possessed herself of the navy yard at Norfolk, which guards the entrance to Chesapeake Bay; of Harper's Ferry, which commands one of the great highways from the Ohio river to the Atlantic ocean; and, above all, of the mouth of the Mississippi, the outlet of the most extensive system of internal communication on the face of the globe. There will, in my judgment, never be peace till the flag of the Union again floats from every stronghold from which it has been stricken down. Do you think, fellow-citizens, that Ohio, Indiana and Illinois will allow their most direct communication with the seaboard to be obstructed at the pleasure of an alien State, at Harper's Ferry? Do you imagine that Eastern Pennsylvania and Southern New York, whose tributary waters flow through the Susquehanna into Chesapeake Bay, to say nothing of the Delaware and Chesapeake canal, will tolerate a foreign master in Hampton Roads? Above all, do you believe that the Giant of the West will accept his pathway to the Gulf of Mexico as a privilege granted by this mushroom Confederacy? Yes, they will submit to this degrading yoke, they will acknowledge this galling usurpation; but it will be when the Allegheníes shall bow their imperial heads to the level of the sea and the current of the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow backward to the Rocky mountains.

My friends, I deprecate war,—no man more so; and, of all wars, I most deprecate a civil war. And this, if prosecuted by the South in the spirit in which she has commenced it, will be what the stern poet of the civil wars of Rome called a *bellum plusquam civile*,—a more than civil war. I deprecate, more than I can express, a war with the South. You know my political course. Logan, the Indian chief, mournfully exclaimed: "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed at me as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men!" I have been pointed at for years as the friend of the South. For maintaining what I deemed her constitutional rights, I have suffered no small portion of obloquy, and sacrificed the favor of a large portion of the community in which I was born, and which, from my youth up, I have endeavored to serve laboriously, dutifully, and affectionately. I was willing while this ill starred movement was confined to the States of the extreme South, and they abstained from further aggression, that they should go in peace. This course, I thought, would retain the border States, and bring back the seceders in a year or two, wearied and disgusted with their burdensome and perilous experiment.

Such I understood to have been in substance, the programme of the administration. But the South has willed it otherwise. She has struck a parricidal blow at the heart of the Union; and to sustain her in this unnatural and unrighteous war, is what my conscience forbids. Neither will I remain silent, and see this majestic framework of government, the noblest political fabric ever reared by human wisdom, prostrated in the dust to gratify the disappointed ambition of a few aspiring men (for that Mr. Vice-President Stephens bravely told his fellow citizens last November was the cause of "a great part of our troubles"), and this under cover of a sophistical interpretation of the constitution, at war alike with common sense, with cotemporary history and the traditions of the government; unsupported by a single authority among the framers of the constitution, and emphatically denounced by Mr. Madison, their leader and chief.

What then remains, fellow citizens, but that we should, without unchristian bitterness towards our misguided countrymen, meet calmly and resolutely the demands of the crisis; that we should perform the duty of good citizens with resolution and steadiness; that we should cordially support the Government of the country in the difficult position in which it is placed; that we should cheer and encourage the brave men who have obeyed its call, by a generous care of their families; and to sum it all in one word, come weal or come wo, that we should stand by the flag of the Union.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

THE ALLEGHANY OIL WELLS.—The Venango Spectator of last week gives a report of the yield of the different oil wells now pumping in the Alleghany oil regions, a synopsis of which we subjoin. The Spectator states that the figures were collected by a special reporter, and may be relied upon as correct.

	Number	Bbls per day.
Oil Creek Wells	51	507
River Wells	59	686
Franklin Wells	9	51
French Creek Wells	6	44
Totals	125	1288

In addition to the above, there are many new wells about ready to work, waiting for engines, &c., and many which yield oil in paying quantities, but which are suspended for various reasons. The depth of the wells in different districts is given as follows:

Upper Oil Creek	average	125 Feet
Central	"	250 "
Mouth	"	350 "
Alleghany River.		
Tideoute	average	125 Feet
Hemlock	"	275 "
Walnut Bend	"	275 "
Lower Group of Wells	"	350 "
Borough Wells	"	300 "
French Creek Wells	"	250 "
Deepest Well in Region	"	577 "

The majority of wells up the river have been bored deeper than when first pumped. The wells in Franklin borough are yet pumping at their original depths.

THE WINANSES OF BALTIMORE.—Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, has written a letter denying the statement that he had ever tendered the half million loan reported to the insurgents, and declaring that the assertion in regard to manufacturing steam cannon for them is equally unfounded. With regard to the casting of cannon balls and grape shot, he adds, the assertion is so far true that the same establishment was, with others in Baltimore, employed by the city authorities to furnish these articles, when they believed that the peace of the community required military aid. For this purpose the authorities made an appropriation of half a million dollars.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.—An exchange says:—Vermont has a population of about three hundred thousand, mostly farmers, and yet has made an appropriation of not less than one million of dollars to aid in maintaining the Stars and Stripes. Many of our States have done nobly, but no one, resources considered, have equalled this. Volunteers, too, are organizing in all parts of the State, and there will be no more formidable men in the field. The pure atmosphere of the mountains developes the sternest breed of patriots.

CANNON, BALLS AND SHELLS.—The Phœnix Iron Works, at Phœnixville, are busily engaged in making a number of wrought iron guns, six and twelve pounders, for Philadelphia. They are also casting several thousand solid twelve pound balls and shells. They are also making extensive preparations to go into making the same kind of guns for Government. These iron works, says the Phœnix, are now fully prepared to make cannon and balls in any quantity, and we have not the least doubt but they will be kept busy in the manufacturing of them.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—Two men, named Stewart, and a young man, named Adams, went out fishing and hunting on Sunday last, near Guthrie, Indiana. In the meantime a thunder storm came up, and the three were struck by lightning, killing one of the Stewarts instantly, and the other two were so seriously injured that doubts are entertained of their recovery. One of the men had a loaded gun in his hands, which was fired off. Even the hooks on the fishing lines were melted.

THE OIL WELL DISASTER.—The oil-well conflagration at Tideoute, Pa., has been extinguished by heaping dirt upon the well from which the extraordinary current of gas and oil proceeded. Oil still flows from the well in extraordinary quantities. Sixteen persons in all had died, up to Wednesday last, from the effects of the accident. Several others are lying in a critical condition, and are not expected to live.

THE YOUNG Prince Imperial of France recently assisted at a review, mounted on horseback, side by side with his father the Emperor. The Napoleon family have always been famous for their horsemanship, and the young Prince is likely to be as much at home in the saddle as any of them. His mother watched his progress very earnestly at a window of the Tuileries.

MRS. SMEAD.—We published, some days ago, an account of the noble conduct of Mrs Smead, in refusing to live with her rebel husband. Since that, she has addressed a card to the New York Times, saying, though a native of the South, she is not a Secessionist, and that the "heroic conduct" attributed to her is utterly untrue; that she came to the North on account of the health of her children, &c.

SUGGESTIVE TO COMPANIES ABOUT UNIFORMING.—It would appear, from numerous observations made by military writers, that soldiers are hit during battle according to the color of their dress, in the following order: Red, the most fatal color; the least fatal, Austrian gray. The proportions are: Red, 12; rifle green, 7; brown, 6; Austrian bluish gray, 5.

ANOTHER singular affair has occurred in English high life. Mrs. Captain Wilson has attempted to palm off on her husband, a wealthy man, an infant of her sister's, as her own child, to keep his property from his brother's family. The mother is the wife of Captain Wilson's coachman. The fraud and the intention of it have been confessed.

BLOODY AFFRAY IN ARKANSAS.—The Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche states that, a few days ago, two men had a fight in Texas township, St. Francis county, Ark., one of whom was Edward Lindsey, of Monroe county, Ark., and the other a carpenter from the North, name unknown. Both were killed.

GREAT PIGEON ROOST.—There is said to be a pigeon roost in the Maquoketa timber in Jackson county, Iowa, thirty miles long and more than a mile wide. Sportsmen are making sad havoc among the literally poor birds, as this is their setting season.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the bottom of the sea in Weymouth Bay has been successfully taken, by means of an ingenious apparatus. The utility of this attempt is that the condition of piers, bridges, piles and other structures under water, may now be readily ascertained.

BANK ROBBERY IN INDIANA.—Last Sunday night, the Indiana Reserve Bank, at Kokomo, Indiana, was broken into and $11,400 were taken from the safe, $8000 of which were the public funds of the county. The house of the cashier was also robbed of $600.

ACQUITTED.—The Lynchburg (Va.) Republican says that Wm L. Page, who killed Pembroke S. Bowyer, a few days since for alleged criminal intercourse with his (Page's) wife, was tried last Monday, in the Hastings Court of that city, and honorably acquitted.

THE GROWING CROPS.—The Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat says that the indications from the grain and grass crops, in that vicinity, are very promising. The farmers are about finishing their corn planting, and a much larger quantity than usual has been planted.

REMARKABLE INCREASE.—Since the port of Hakodadi, Japan, has been opened to foreign trade, its population has increased from 12,000 to 28,000. Sulphur and saltpetre are its largest exports.

POSTMASTERS APPOINTED.—The President of the United States has appointed Joseph C. Hays Postmaster of Meadville, Crawford co., Pa., and G. W. Paton, Postmaster of Altoona, Blair county, Pa.

BUSINESS REVIVING.—The Androscoggin mill, at Lewiston, Me., one of the largest cotton mills in the country, commenced operations on Monday last.

DISCOVERY OF TIN IN CALIFORNIA.—Some miners in Nevada county, California, have discovered, in quartz it is said, a metal, which an assayer of Sacramento pronounced to be tin.

TRAIN has got another street railway in operation in London. The eagle spreads his wings, if he has lost some of his feathers.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The news by the Africa, at New York, on Thursday, is of unusual interest, as it furnishes indications of the first impression produced in Europe by the reduction of Fort Sumter. The report of the attack and surrender only reached London on the day before the Africa sailed; so that its influence can only be traced in the first effect on the stock and cotton markets, and upon the press. The earliest feeling was one of the profoundest gloom and discouragement. Stocks receded. American securities were prostrated, and Cotton advanced. Subsequent reflection suggested a probability, eagerly accepted, that hostilities would terminate with the opening act; and that, startled by the shock of arms, the Government and the separated States would have fresh disposition for an amicable arrangement. The notion, founded on the fact that no lives had been lost, also became current that the affair was merely a sham fight, arranged entirely to cover the evacuation from discredit, and save the reputation of Major Anderson. These ideas were endorsed generally by the journals, who, however, regarded the business as extremely enigmatic, and as needing further enlightenment before final judgment could be passed. If war were to follow, it was agreed that the manufacturing districts would be ruined. The stock market had recovered its strength before the steamer left. The political news from Europe is without striking importance. The quarrel between Garibaldi, Cavour and Cialdini had been adjusted through the offices of the King. From Naples, we have reports of further disturbances, and of the flight of large numbers of the people into the Papal territory to escape the conscription. The French troops at Rome were being relieved, and Gen. Dumont, the successor of Gen. Guyon, had been received cordially by His Holiness. The Russian Government was crowding its troops into every town of Poland. A popular outbreak was confidently expected to take place on the Emperor's birthday. From Japan, we have word that the difficulty between the Government and the English and French Ministers had been settled, and the Envoys had resumed their residence at the Capital.

CITY MATTERS.

COL. ANDERSON IN PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday was quite a gala day in this city. The streets were crowded with citizens anxious to witness the display in honor of the gallant commander of Fort Sumter, and by their cheers to testify their appreciation of his staunch devotion to the American flag. The publication of the route of the procession had the effect of filling all the streets through which it passed at an early hour, notwithstanding that Saturday, with most persons, is an inconvenient day for sight seeing. Young and old, male and female, turned out and lined the sidewalks, filled door steps, and formed living pictures in open windows. Bunting, which it was very generally supposed had been exhausted by the late unprecedented demand, exuded from door, window and house-top, in profusion. In some cases the American flag was gracefully festooned over the front of the house, and nearly every occupant of the windows held in his or her hand a small edition of the stars and stripes.

The line was formed on Ninth street, and when Col. Anderson made his appearance and took his place in the line, in an open barouche, drawn by four white horses, the cheering was deafening. The Colonel bowed his acknowledgments. The short route completed, the escort drew up in front of Independence Hall, where some difficulty was experienced in navigating through the immense crowd congregated at that point. Within the Hall, the members of both branches of Councils were in attendance, with Commodore Stewart, Col. Childs, Col. Pleasanton, and other military dignitaries, Rev. Drs. Ducachet and Boardman.

Col. Anderson entered the Hall, escorted by Mr. Cuyler.

Mayor Henry, on being introduced, bade the Colonel welcome, as follows:—

Major Anderson:—The Councils of Philadelphia, desiring to express their high appreciation of your eminent services, have tendered to you the hospitalities of this city, and in their name and in behalf of its whole people, I bid you a hearty welcome.

I may not presume to dwell upon the event which has drawn to you the admiring gaze of your countrymen—future generations shall peruse its narrative upon the calm page of history with unceasing interest; but amid the vivid realities of to day, a nation's heart throbs at its very mention with the warm impulses of enthusiasm and gratitude.

In the name of my fellow-citizens, I thank you for your staunch devotion to our country's flag, and with them I exalt in the tried bravery of that handful of your loyal comrades, which put to lasting shame the dastardly assault of a rebel host.

We are entering upon an era whose momentous incidents shall perchance find no parallel in the annals of the past. With the first important event of that era your name is inseparably and proudly associated; and if, for the maintenance of our Federal Union and Constitution, the appeal to arms and to the God of Battles be inevitable, the renown which you have so honorably won will panoply you through coming conflicts with the blessings and prayers of a grateful country.

After the applause which greeted the close of Mayor Henry's speech had subsided, Colonel Anderson replied as follows:—

Mr. Mayor:—I dare not attempt to express the feelings that fill me here; standing, as I do, in this temple of liberty, surrounded by the spirits of the departed sages of the revolution. I was born in the country where, and at a time when, we had but few of the opportunities now afforded to the rising generation; and, therefore, I have been wanting in my tongue. I was soon taken into the ranks of that nation which I have for thirty years endeavored to serve to my utmost ability, and it will not be expected that I can properly reply to you, and my fellow citizens of this State, and those who have honored me with resolutions, but I do thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me.

The duty I have performed was simply such as all true Americans would have performed, and I trust better, but none with a better heart, or a heart that throbbed more for our country and our glorious independence, which was handed down to us by those whose portraits grace these walls. I was surrounded by those whom I wished to look upon as friends, but who considered me an enemy; and I pray that no other American may ever be called upon to encounter the same difficulties. I put my trust in God, and I believe firmly that God put it into my heart to do what I did. There are many who are inclined to blame the preceding Administration, and some to censure the present; but I believe truly that every act that was performed in that harbor from the 21st of November, when I took command, was ruled by that God whom we all should adore, and whom we must adore if we wish to do well, both in this world and the next. I believe that every act done there was necessary in order to bring up the public heart to that sentiment of patriotism which now pervades throughout the North. I thank you for your kindness and civilities.

At the conclusion of these civilities, the persons present were introduced to the Colonel, after which he returned to his carriage in front of the hall. Before leaving the hall, he entered his name on the book, "Robert Anderson, Col. U. S. A., Kentucky," and then exclaimed to those standing around, "Thank God! She is still in the United States!"

While in the carriage the military passed in review, honoring the Colonel with a marching salute. Just as the procession had passed, a gentleman stepped forward, and on behalf of Miss Albright, presented Col Anderson with a beautiful American flag of silk. He took it and waved it, and just at that moment the band struck up the Star-spangled banner. The cheers of the crowd were something to remember. The review being completed, Col. Anderson was escorted to the hotel, and the immense concourse slowly dispersed. At six o'clock, Col. Anderson left for New York, his children having joined him in this city. After the transaction of some business there, he will leave for Louisville, Kentucky, going by way of Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—MURDER OR SUICIDE.

On Tuesday, 7th inst., the body of a man was found in the cellar of an unfinished house, on the north side of Wallace street, above Twentieth, with a terrible stab in the left breast, near the heart. At his side lay a roughly made dirk, the blade of which is about twelve inches long. A leather shield was close by. The right hand of the deceased was lying across the handle of the dirk, as though his grasp was loosened from it where he fell. Information of the finding of the body was conveyed to the Fifteenth Ward Police Station, and it was soon after conveyed there. Coroner Conrad was notified, and he promptly repaired to the station, to investigate the circumstances attending the death of the unknown. An examination of the contents of the pockets disclosed the fact that the name of the deceased was William R. Jeffries, and that he formerly carried on dentistry, at Wilmington, Del. It was also apparent, from memorandums found on him, that he had been unfortunate in business; had separated from his wife, and that upon his coming to this city, in April, had enrolled himself in the Company of Monroe Guards, at the Northern Military Hall, and had been one of Col. Small's Regiment, which went to Baltimore. What he had been doing since then was not clear, but it was evident that he had considerable trouble prior to his volunteering, which favored the idea of suicide. When found he was in his bare feet. His stockings were in one of his pockets, but his boots were not about. The knees of his pants were covered with mud, as though he had crawled from the front of the house to the part of the cellar he was discovered in. As there was considerable blood on the outside of the house, some on the ground, and considerable smeared on a front window-sill, it was manifest that the wound was inflicted outside, and the question was, could the deceased have crawled to the place on which he was found, after receiving such a wound? Dr. J. E. Kent, who saw the body after it was removed to the station, and who examined the premises where the deceased lay, was of the opinion that the man could not have crawled the distance he was from the front, after receiving the stab.

A *post-mortem* examination, made by Dr. Updegrove, who was satisfied that the wound could not have been made by Jeffries.

DROWNED BODY FOUND.

In Mantua Creek, near Paulsboro', N. J., on Friday, May 3d, a white woman, medium size, dark complexion, good set of natural teeth, and about thirty years of age. It is supposed she drifted in the creek from the Delaware river. One $5 note on the Consolidation Bank, of Philadelphia, was found in a buckskin purse, in her bosom. An inquest was held by Coroner William H. Hannold.

ARMY AND NAVY.

The United States Steam Frigate Wabash is ready for sea at New York. Her armament has just been finished, and is a heavier one than she ever carried before. It consists of two ten inch pivot guns of extraordinary size, weighing over ten thousand pounds each; twenty-eight nine inch guns of nine thousand pounds each; fourteen eight-inch, sixty-three hundred-weight; two twelve-pound howitzers for the launches, and two twelve-pound light howitzers, for the cutters. The battery altogether weighs over three hundred and ninety tons. The armorer's department of the ship has over three hundred pieces of small arms, and the "shot-locker" three thousand eight hundred rounds of solid ball and shell, loaded and empty.

Doings at the Navy Yard.—The desire of the Government to have the vessels at our Navy Yard speedily completed, is shown in the fact that the workmen were at their posts on Sunday. The sloop of war Jamestown is ready for service. She was hauled into the stream yesterday, and received a number of seamen, ordinaries, boys, &c, from on board the Princeton. The officers of the Jamestown have not yet reported themselves at the Yard. The Union and Flag are nearly completed, as well as the St. Lawrence. In about two weeks all the work now on hand will be finished. The mechanical and laboring forces of the Yard number over eight hundred.

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PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, May 15, 1861.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"Farewell," and "The New Jersey War Song," by J. D. H., are not quite up to our notions of true poetry, and we therefore feel constrained to decline them.

☞ We can make no promises when any article we have on hand will appear. Correspondents must be patient and bide their time.

"We Walked and we Talked Together," by "Lillian Hope," we have filed for publication.

AN IMMEDIATE WANT.

Attention is called to the necessity of a camp in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, to receive not only the volunteers who may enlist in this city, but the troops which must from time to time be collected here on their way to the South. The more the matter is examined, the more imperative seem to be the reasons for such an establishment. A visit to the various armories and recruiting offices around town will convince any one of the injurious effects arising from the want of system with which our efforts have thus far been conducted. This was unavoidable under the circumstances of our abrupt transition from profound peace to the hurried preparations for instant war on a large scale; but the first bustle is over, and we should now perfect arrangements for carrying on extensive military operations for as long a time as the exigencies of the contest may demand.

It has been suggested to us that the piece of ground known as the Suffolk Race Course, would be well adapted for such a purpose. The Baltimore Railroad runs along one side of it, giving every facility for sending thither the men, with arms, provisions and all the other necessaries, as well as enabling them to be sent forward to their destination with the utmost convenience. The property contains some sixty or seventy acres of perfectly level dry soil, giving an admirable parade ground, where not only drilling in squads and companies could be perfected, but ten or twenty regiments could be manœuvred, and thus become practiced in field evolutions. Targets could be erected, at which the recruits could be exercised in shooting at all distances, extending to nine hundred yards. We understand that it can be rented by the State for any term, from three months upwards, and a few thousand dollars would erect such temporary barracks as would lodge whatever forces may accumulate here with every regard to health and comfort. There may be even better locations near the city, and the officials in charge of these matters should lose no time in making the requisite examination, and deciding upon some spot suitable to the purpose.

We owe it to the gallant men who are rushing to the defence of the Union, that they should have every preliminary advantage, and that when called to battle they should be in the highest possible condition of efficiency, as regards both health and discipline. In place of being cooped up in confined and unhealthy quarters, or lounging listlessly around town, exposed to all the corrupting and debilitating influences and temptations which assail them at every corner, a camp such as we propose would place them at once in a position to make the most of the short interval allowed for their transformation from citizens to soldiers. Two or three trains a day could convey to the camp all who enrolled themselves at the various recruiting offices in the city; there they would be drafted by the proper officers into the various regiments forming, and at once they would enter upon their new life, and have every opportunity to perfect themselves in military exercises, and obtain familiarity with their weapons. We observe that the War Department calls upon Pennsylvania for additional accommodations for troops from other States, and we trust that early measures will be taken in supplying that requisition, to meet the deficiencies to which the Philadelphia volunteers are exposed.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SOUTH.

The prospects of the Southern Confederacy depend on the prestige of some great victory. If they could have siezed the Navy Yard at Norfolk, with its ships and stores, swept the Chesapeake and the Potomac, blown up the public buildings in Washington, threatened Philadelphia and New York, then, by paralyzing the great centres of credit and exchange, they might have reduced the whole country to utter anarchy, and in the confusion, possibly escaped with their own independence acknowledged. Such was undoubtedly the plan of Davis and his insane and reckless comrades. For this it was that the army was scattered in Texas and in Utah, for this the South was filled with arms without any force to guard or use them, for this the navy was dispersed, and for this Howell Cobb did his utmost to break down the credit of the government, and Secretary Thompson permitted his underlings to plunder the Indian Trust Fund of near a million of dollars.

General Scott completely penetrated the whole plan of the Southern campaign, and defeated it by one bold stroke, in destroying the ships and stores at Norfolk, and strengthening Fortress Monroe, and obtaining by his fleet command of the Potomac and the Chesapeake. Baffled by these movements, Governor Letcher now is himself holding the arms of Jefferson Davis, and resisting all importunities to commence the offensive. He proclaims it as his policy to remain simply on the defensive. This will require more courage and a better cause than Virginia possesses while in the arms of the secessionists, and engaged in perjured and traitorous schemes against all order and constitutional government.

What will be the final effect of the demonstration at Harper's Ferry remains to be seen in its bearings on the people of Virginia, but all attempts for the rebel army in Virginia to remain on the defensive will prove destructive to them. Virginia will not long want to have such neighbors encamped in her midst and eating up her food, demoralized, debased and insubordinate to the last degree.

Yet the moment they return home and disband, without means, without employment and without food, their knives will be at the throats of each other, and of the neighborhood on which they alight. A. H. Stephens told them it would be so, and it must and will. The privateers will become pirates, and the soldiers robbers of plantations. If the negroes catch the insubordination and lawlessness of the whites, as they most probably will, no one can see the end of this. But, before a year is over, the South will be without credit and without money, without clothes and without commerce. They may possibly raise corn enough to keep them from starvation; but, without a cotton crop, they can neither pay their expenses nor get any more credit. Such anarchy, misery and demoralization as must ensue, will make them anxious for peace.

SAMBUCI WINE.

We were, a day or two ago, shown a sample of Sambuci Wine, made from the berry of the Portuguese Sambucus, as grown and manufactured by Alfred Speer, at Passaic, New Jersey. It is not only pleasant to the taste, but is pronounced by medical advisers as "an excellent tonic and gentle stimulant," and as such most desirable for the sick room, possessing the tonic properties of other wines, without their deleterious impurities. For hospitals and infirmaries it is especially recommended and indeed for all drinkers of light wines—there being no headache in it. This wine is the pure juice of the Sambucus fruit, completed by a careful and slow process of four years' fermentation and under peculiar management, during which time it is each year drawn off into other vessels and removed to a different temperature from the previous year, so that after four years it is complete and will keep in any climate. Mr. Speer brought a few of the plants of this fruit with him four or five years ago from Portugal, and commenced experimenting with them in his garden, and from the cultivation of a small bed, and the manufacture of a few gallons, he has now swollen its cultivation to thirty-eight acres, and the annual produce of wine to six thousand gallons. Though the fruit is similar to that of the elderberry, both it and the tree or shrub on which it grows are much larger and the berry is of finer flavor. The wood of the trunk has also a much smaller pith than the common elder. It is grown from the seed to full bearing in three years, and is propagated in much the same way as the osage orange; first, by forcing plants in a hot-bed and subsequently setting them out in rows. They grow readily and rapidly, and require no cultivation beyond the scattering of chip manure or coal ashes about the roots, to prevent the growth of grass. The season of the berry, from the beginning to the end of their ripening, is about three weeks, an important fact to cultivators, as it forces a good deal of the business of manufacturing within a comparatively short time. The labor of gathering from the bushes is not very great, but the stripping the berries from the stems is a tedious though not a very arduous process—the work being within the capacity of children, women and the cheapest kind of labor. We present these facts thus particularly that our farmer readers may consider whether they can make more by growing corn and wheat than by the cultivation of the Portuguese Sambucus. Allowing five bottles to a gallon, Mr. Speer's six thousand gallons would fill thirty thousand bottles, which, at fifty cents per bottle, the price at which it sells, gives an aggregate of fifteen thousand dollars! This is much more than could be realized from the same number of acres of wheat.

The Crops.—It is gratifying to know that in these times of war and tumult the crops of wheat and rye look remarkably promising, and the probability is that of those grains we shall have an abundant harvest. Indian corn has only just been planted in this latitude, so that it is impossible to predict results. It may, however, be truly stated that the ground was never in better condition than now to receive that important American cereal, and it would appear that anything short of an average yield is not to be expected. So with potatoes, peas, beans, and all kinds of garden truck and vegetables generally. There is no greater blessing than an ample reward for the labors of the husbandmen, especially as so many agricultural sons of industry have joined the army. There is every reason to hope that we shall enjoy the fruits of the earth in due season, and in view of the ready market which all agricultural products are sure to find, during the continuance of our national troubles, every farmer should strive to make his acres as productive as possible.—*Lancaster Express.*

So far so good; but it should not be forgotten that while a couple of hundred thousand men will be engaged in restoring the authority of the laws, there will be more food required to feed, with less industry employed in producing it. It is not the mere withdrawal of that number of persons from production which would be likely to lead to scarcity, but in a time of civil commotion the whole country is more or less affected, and the raising of armies seems to have withdrawn the attention of persons to an extraordinary degree from their farms. We hear that in many instances the farmers are no planting near the usual quantity of corn, arguing that laborers will be scarce and their wages high, and prices of produce so low, that they will not be remunerated for their labor. This is an erroneous view of the subject. As war will put a stop, in a great measure, to manufacturing and other employments, laborers must find employment in other pursuits, and there is nothing they can turn their labor to, so certain in its results, as in labor upon farms. This will make laborers plenty and tend to keep wages at a fair price. While armies in the field are consuming food, its price is not likely to fall very low.

It is possible that for want of the usual employments for capital that all prices may recede, but the price of food, however low, will, while the war lasts, be relatively high, and a barrel of flour will exchange for a greater amount of dry goods and groceries than it now does. The *value*, therefore, of farm produce, irrespective of its price, will be actually increased, and the farmer consequently be better paid than now for his labor. Let no agriculturist fall into the error of supposing that the country will not need a greater amount of food than ever while passing through its present troubles. Every consideration of interest, of patriotism, and of public duty, demands of our farmers that they should plant corn, and plant it plentifully, so that famine at least shall not follow the calamity of civil strife.

A Notable Scheme.—One of the notable schemes which it is said is intended by inventive Southern minds for the destruction of Northern cities, is blowing them up with the gas which passes through the streets. It is a very common, though a very erroneous, notion that gas may be exploded in the pipes which convey it through the streets, though every one who burns it in his house, must see from the manner in which combustion takes place that this is impossible. Gas must come in contact with atmospheric air to burn at all, and then it is simply a flame at the end of the pipe consuming the gas as it passes out. Breaking gas pipes, supposing such a thing possible in a densely populated city, and setting fire to the gas would cause simply a burning of the gas as in the small pipe, only on a more extended scale.

The Great Eastern.—This splendid steamship has again arrived at New York. The Post says it is rumored that negotiations are afoot for the chartering of the Great Eastern for the service of our government. The terms of the negotiations are kept private. This vessel would be of great service in transporting large bodies of troops and ammunition and provisions. If this rumor is true, the government will have ample facilities at its command.

The Aggregate Number of Deaths in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday the 11th inst., was 297—118 adults and 179 children. There were 41 from consumption of the lungs, 14 from inflammation of the lungs, 17 from small pox, 36 from scarlet fever, 16 from debility, 8 from convulsions, 11 from diptheria and 4 from palsy.

LEGISLATIVE.

PENNSYLVANIA—EXTRA SESSION.

In the State Senate, May 6th, Mr. W. Irvin, of Beaver county, was confirmed as Commissary General, in place of John W. McLain, resigned. The vetoed bill for the erection of a free bridge over the Schuylkill, at South street, was taken up and passed over the veto by more than two-thirds majority. In the House, Mr. Thomas read a bill relative to the pilotage laws. Mr. Thomas, a preamble and resolution relative to the Governor's veto of the Philadelphia police bill, showing that the bill had become a law before the veto was sent in. Mr. Williams offered a series of resolutions relative to the assault on our troops in Baltimore, the preamble of which recites that the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania volunteers were brutally murdered; declares the right of the Federal troops to pass peaceably over any part of the United States soil; that the slaughter of the troops was treason, whether done under the authority of the State or done by private persons; treason as much as levying armies under the authority of open secession; calls upon the Federal Government to demand the surrender, for condign punishment, of the persons engaged in the massacre; pronounces a high eulogy on the martyred dead; says that the refusal of the border Slave States to contribute their quota of troops to the Federal Government, or assuming a state of neutrality, is a renunciation of their allegiance; that it is the duty of the Federal Government to reduce the revolted citizens to unconditional submission, and that no compromise can or ought to be made. The Stay law passed finally. The military and loan bill was taken up, and the first two sections adopted.

In the Senate, on the 7th, an act was passed providing for the immediate expenses of the volunteers. The bill legalizing the Home Guard of Philadelphia was disagreed to, and postponed for the present. The House bill to incorporate the Pennsylvania Volunteer Nurse Corps was negatived. In the House this latter bill passed. A message was received from the Governor, showing in what manner the half million already appropriated has been expended. Among other items is $16,000 paid to workmen and workwomen for making clothing for the troops at the Girard House, Philadelphia.

In the State Senate, on the 9th inst., a bill passed to provide stationery and postage for our soldiers. A joint resolution passed to admit into our camp the Jefferson Riflemen of Virginia. The Stay law was amended and passed. It prohibits the issue of execution for interest on judgments of less than $500 for debts contracted prior to the passage of the act. It prohibits the sale of collaterals, and provides that the security to be given may be either real or personal estate. In the House a bill passed allowing the Commissioners of Schuylkill county to appropriate $30,000 for the support of the families of the volunteers. The Loan bill, to arm the State, was amended so as to provide for a Board of Supply, to be chosen by both Houses in joint convention, to consist of four persons, with a salary of $1000 each. But, after being adopted, the amendment was rejected, and a Board of Inspectors substituted to inspect the supplies. The House also passed unanimously, a bill to create a loan of $3,000,009, and to raise fifteen regiments beyond both the requisitions of the President, making a total of fifty-five regiments from this State, or 42,900 men. They have also passsed a bill to relieve the volunteers now in service by paying the bills contracted before the Quartermaster's department was organized. The Senate concurred.

In the State Senate, on the 10th, a joint resolution was passed to procure standards of a historical character for the different regiments from this State. A joint resolution from the House was passed, requiring the Quartermaster General to make immediate purchases, at the lowest cash prices, of the clothing necessary for the troops. A bill to equalize the currency of the Commonwealth was amended so as to extend to the second Tuesday of February the time for a resumption of specie payments, and then the bill was postponed. In the House, bills were passed to legalize the Philadelphia Gray Reserves; to furnish the State troops with stationery, postage stamps, &c.; making it a penal offence for Delaware pilots to pilot vessels freighted with goods contraband of war. The House concurred in nearly all the Senate amendments to the Stay law. Joint resolutions were passed directing the clerks to certify in the usual manner that the Philadelphia police bill had in due form become a law without the Governor's signature. A joint resolution was adopted directing the Quartermaster General to purchase clothing for the volunteers.

The State Senate on Saturday did nothing of consequence. The three million loan bill passed first and second reading.

NEW JERSEY—EXTRA SESSION.

The New Jersey Assembly, May 6th, passed to a third reading a bill to create a loan of $1,000,000, and a State tax of $100,000 for war purposes. Resolutions passed unanimously thanking the Governor and President for their energetic conduct, and pledging New Jersey to the utmost of her power to sustain the Union, the Constitution, and the laws.

The bill appropriating one million of dollars for the defence of the State and the equipment of volunteers elicited a long discussion, on the 7th. The prevailing feeling appeared to be in favor of restricting the amount for the present to the sum named, one million, leaving any further appropriation for another meeting of the Legislature in July. The Senate, however, amended it by appropriating two million of dollars, after an able speech from Mr. Crowell. There is, therefore, a disagreement on the subject between the two houses. The resolution to meet in July was not concurred in by the Senate—and it will not be necessary, if the House will agree to the Senate's amendment to the Appropriation Bill. An amendment to make the annual State tax $100,000, instead of $300,000, was agreed to, 26 to 22. An amendment to make the funds redeemable after 1863, instead of 1865, was lost, 22 to 30.

On the 10h, the $2,000,000 loan bill passed. Also the bill authorizing the Governor to raise and equip four additional regiments and purchase 100,000 stand of arms. The vote in both Houses was almost unanimous in favor of these measures. Joint resolutions, sustaining President Lincoln and Governor Olden, and pledging the entire resources of the State to the putting down of the rebellion, have also been passed by both Houses.

AMUSEMENTS.

The various places of amusement in our city are very thinly attended. At the Walnut, last week, the annual benefits of the more prominent actors were rather better attended than usual, most of them paying something handsome over expenses. The Arch has been kept open for the last three weeks on a sort of commonwealth principle, each actor sharing in the expenses and dividing whatever of profits there might be. While the business gave employment, at living pay, to the minor members of the company, it was quite a losing one to the more prominent members, and so was given up on Saturday evening, the house closing for the present. The Walnut is open this week, the performance being a new patriotic drama, in four acts, by Robert Jones, called "The Patriot's Dream." It is made up of stirring incidents of the day, grouped together in dramatic form and presented with new scenery and characteristic music. It is admirably adapted to prevailing public sentiment, and, as it embodies the strength of the company, will, no doubt, be popular. M'Donough has reopened the Olmypic, and announces the engagement of Miss Fanny Hemming, and the production of a new drama, entitled, "The Traitor's Dream, or the Fate of a Secessionist." This drama, it is said, was written expressly for the Olympic and abounds in beautiful tableaux. At Sanford's Opera House, for this week only, Gardner and Hemmings announce a gymnastic, acrobatic and ballet troupe, the performances consisting of evolutions on the tight rope, slack rope, vaulting, tumbling, and astounding gymnastic feats by the following corps of artists: Dan Gardner, R. Hemmings, Mons. Debach, Mons. Moreste, Signor Parker, James Ward, Signor De Louis, Misses Eliza and Camilla Gardner, young Dean and Master Fred.

In London, we read that M. Fechter continues to create a sensation in the character of "Hamlet." He is studying "Othello" and "Iago." Miss Matilda Heron is not so successful. Her acting is considered overstrained, and some very severe remarks have been passed upon her impersonation of "Medea."

The Traitor Twiggs.—There is no man so lost to self-respect as not to be sensitive to public opinion of his conduct, however infamous his course. Arnold never could face the public opprobium, though he could pocket the reward of his perfidy. Twiggs, whose conduct in Texas was as infamous as that of Arnold, is likewise chary of his "honor." He can act the traitor, but he cannot endure the public charge of it. One of the best acts of Mr. Buchanan, at the close of his administration, was to denounce Twiggs, publicly and officially, as a traitor. This incensed him to such a degree, that he preferred to overlook the fact that the act was one of official duty, and resolved to consider it a personal affront. He therefore addressed a letter to Mr. Buchanan, after the latter had retired from office, dated East Pascagoula, March 30th, holding him personally responsible, in the following language:

"Your usurped right to dismiss me from the army might be acquiesced in; but you had no right to brand me as a traitor. This was personal, and *I shall treat it as such*, not through the papers but *in person*. I shall, most assuredly, pay a visit to Lancaster, for the sole purpose of *a personal interview* with you. So, sir, prepare yourself. I am well assured that public opinion will sanction *any course* I may take with you."

Twiggs has, no doubt, by this time, discovered how public opinion sanctions his course, and will probably make it convenient to remain for the present at East Pascagoula.

Indians may be considered the Copper-faced type of mankind.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

News Received by Telegraph on Saturday and Sunday.

The Great Eastern has arrived at New York with later foreign news, but it is not of much interest.

The Southern papers have a rumor that Gen. Bragg had received notice from Fort Pickens that the twenty days had elapsed, and that he was required to leave with his forces.

There are also rumors of a skirmish at Alexandria, and threats of an attack on the Relay House from Harper's Ferry.

The Maryland contingent of Federal troops will be called out immediately at the adjournment of the Legislature, and there are volunteers enough to fill the four regiments.

Lieutenant J. Hogan Brown died on Friday night, on board the receiving ship Princeton, of which he was the executive officer.

The Nashville Banner of the 8th of May, announces the arrival at New Orleans, from Europe, of a vessel with 250,000 stand of arms for the Confederate States.

To-day the Western Virginia Convention will assemble at Wheeling, composed of the best men of that section and representing every county west of the Blue Ridge. There can hardly be a doubt that they will resolve to form a new State and ask admission to the Union.

The Baltimore American of Friday says:—"We learn from a gentleman who came up from Washington last night, that the Federal authorities yesterday morning took possession of the custom house at Alexandria, Va., and that no resistance was made to them. Everything was quiet."

Telegraph despatches bring us the intelligence that the Missouri secessionists, encamped outside of St. Louis, on the pretext of preserving the authority of the State, have all been captured.

The Latest from St Louis.

The Collision between the Soldiers and Populace—Official Statement.

St. Louis, May 13.—The official statement of the recent collisions between the U. S. soldiers and the populace, published this morning, says that the first firing at Camp Jackson, on Friday evening, was some half dozen shots discharged near the head of the column of the First Regiment, occasioned by a volley of stones and a pistol shot from the crowd. No one was hurt at this point. The second firing occurred from the rear of the column guarding the prisoners. The crowd here was large and very abusive, and one man discharged three barrels of a revolver at Lieut. Saxon, of the regular service, many of the crowd cheering him on, and drawing revolvers and firing at the troops. The man who commenced the attack then laid his pistol across his arm and took deliberate aim at Lieut. Saxon, when he was thrust through with a bayonet and fired upon at the same time and instantly killed.

The column then moved, having received orders to march; but the rear company being assaulted by the crowd, and several of them shot, they halted and fired, causing the deaths already reported.

The order was then given by Capt. Lyon to cease firing, which was promptly obeyed.

The principal arms taken from Camp Jackson were four large siege howitzers, two ten-inch mortars, a large number of ten inch shells, ready charged, and some 4000 stand of United States muskets, supposed to be a portion of those taken from the Baton Rouge Arsenal.

A thousand people left the city yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, in consequence of the reports of insubordination among the German troops, and their threats to burn and sack the city; but the appearance of General Harney's proclamation, in a great measure, restored confidence, and many of those who left will probably return to day.

The city is now quiet and the highest hopes are entertained that no further disturbance will occur.

Twenty two persons are known to have been killed during the collision at Camp Jackson, the following seventeen of whom have been identified, viz:—John Sweskerhardt, Casper H. Glencoe, John Wallers, Thomas H. Harea, Wm. Xenhower, J. J. Jones, P. Done, Eric Wright, Henry Jungle, Jas. McDonald, Waltsr McDowell, Nicholas Knoblach, Francis Wheelar, Job Carter, James Bodsen, Emma Semers, Wm McAuliffe.

Three of these were soldiers belonging to the Southwest Expedition, and were among the prisoners captured at Camp Jackson.

GENERAL HARNEY APPROVES OF THE COURSE OF CAPTAIN LYON—PROCEEDINGS OF THE MISSOURI LEGISLATURE—THE STATE PENITENTIARY CONVERTED INTO AN ARMORY.

St Louis, May 13.—The report which circulated in this city on Saturday and yesterday, that General Harney disapproved of the action of Captain Lyon with reference to the capture of Camp Jackson, is authoritatively denied this morning. He not only approves of the whole proceeding, but compliments that officer for the prompt and admirable manner in which he executed the orders of the Government.

Reliable information received from Jefferson City, says that nearly all the objectionable features in the Harris military bill, which had been debated during the secret [illegible], had been materially amended; but when the news of the capture of Camp Jackson reached the Capitol, the amendments were immediately reconsidered, and the original bill passed by both Houses, by large majorities. Also, that no secession Ordinance had been brought before either House, nor was such an act contemplated.

The Legislature has passed, and the Governor has signed, a bill providing a military fund to arm the State. The fund will include the receipts from the assessments for the years of 1860 and '61, after the regular expenses of the Government have been paid, a war loan from banks and individuals, a special tax of 15 cents on the hundred dollars, and $1,000,000 worth of bonds.

The bill also authorizes the Governor to establish an armory in the Penitentiary for the manufacture of arms and munitions of war.

St Louis, May 13.—The city has been quiet and orderly to day, and our citizens generally have been engaged in their usual avocations.

Capt. Tatten's battalion of regulars are still quartered in the city, and will be kept here as long as the Police Commissioners consider their presence necessary for the preservation of peace.

The troops at Camp Bissell, near Caseyville, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, are the 12th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, under the command of Col. McArthur, of Chicago.

A telegraph office was opened to-day, put'ing the camp in direct communication with St. Louis and all Eastern points.

The Evening Journal publishes a statement signed by General Frost and his staff, explaining the reasons why Camp Jackson was surrendered. They say there were only five rounds of ammunition in the camp, and neither arms nor provisions enough to supply the force of 800 men under their command.

To have attempted resistance, surrounded as they were by 600 or 800 troops, well armed and with every appliance of war, would have been mere suicide, and retreat was impossible, they being without the means of transportation and without provisions, and with no credit to procure either. They censure the State authorities for not paying their just military debts and affording proper supplies. They pronounce Capt. Lyon's demand as illegal, unconstitutional and wanton, trampling under foot the laws of our common country.

It is estimated that over 10,000 persons left the city yesterday. A perfect panic is raging in some quarters; almost entire streets are deserted.

From Virginia via Harrisburg.

Condition of Affairs at Harper's Ferry—Short of Provisions and Arms—No Battery on the Maryland Heights.

Harrisburg, May 13.—A person employed on special service, who visited Harper's Ferry last week, reached Chambersburg to day, and reports that there were then about 6,000 troops there altogether. About three fourths of them were armed—and mostly well armed—but the balance were without arms. Only 200 Kentuckians were there, and but one company of South Carolinians. The resident militia of Harper's Ferry were very restive under the existing circumstances. They had only one day's provisions on hand, their supplies, expected from Western Virginia, being cut off by the stand taken by the people of that section of the State.

It was thought that the supplies anywhere within reach in the surrounding country must be exhausted within two weeks. It is positive that not more than 1000 stand of arms were got out of the wreck of the arsenal buildings, and some of them were in bad condition. Not more than twelve rifles can be manufactured per day in the shops in operation. There are only 600 men on the Maryland side of the Potomac; they have not erected any batteries on this side of the river, and show no disposition to erect any. They must retreat or be provisioned. This, however, does not contradict the probable advance of the main Confederate army on the southern Pennsylvania route, when Jeff Davis discovers the impossibility of breaking Gen. Scott's lines around Washington.

Western Virginia.

The State Convention at Wheeling—Twenty five Counties Represented—First Day.

Wheeling, Va, May 13.—The city is wild with enthusiasm, and flags are flying from nearly all the buildings in honor of the meeting of the Union Convention of Western Virginia.

The Convention met at 11 o'clock, A. M, and, after appointing a Committee on Credentials, took a recess until 3 o'clock.

On reassembling, the Committee reported favorable to the admission of delegates from twenty-five counties to seats.

A Committee on permanent officers was appointed.

A resolution was adopted appointing a Committee on State and Federal relations.

Before its adoption a discussion took place between Gen. J. J. Jackson, of Wood county, and Mr. John S. Carlisle.

General Jackson thought that the project for a division of the State was premature.

Mr Carlisle declared that we must have immediate and prompt action, and that this convention must not satisfy itself with paper resolves.

The Convention then adjourned till morning.

The ceremonies attending the hoisting of the American flag over the Custom House this afternoon were very imposing. Thousands of people were on the ground. National airs were sung, and speeches made by Mr. Carlisle and others.

From Montgomery.

The Rebels Not Secure in their Capital—Probable Adjournment of the Congress—Its Next Place of Meeting Uncertain.

Montgomery, May 13.—It is probable that Congress will adjourn within the next ten days, to meet again in July, *at such place as circumstances may render necessary.*

Proclamation by the President.

Washington, May 11.—The President has issued a proclamation, setting forth that insurrection exists in the State of Florida, by which the lives, liberty, and property of the loyal citizens are endangered, and as it is deemed proper that all needful measures should be taken for the protection of such citizens, and of all officers of the United States in the discharge of their public duties in that State, the President directs the commander of the forces of the United States on the Florida coast, to permit no person to exercise any office or authority upon the Island of Key West, the Tortugas and Santa Rosa, which may be inconsistent with the laws and Constitution of the United States, authorizing him at the same time, if he shall find it necessary, to suspend there the writ of *habeas corpus*, and to remove from the vicinity of the United States fortresses all dangerous or suspected persons.

From Cairo.

Cairo, Ill., May 13—Several companies of Arkansas troops arrived at Memphis this morning.

An order has been issued that on and after to day all boats passing this point will be stopped. No provisions or munitions of war for the seceded States will be allowed to pass.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

New York, May 13, 1861.

The Religious Anniversaries drag heavily. The engrossing excitements of the war are fatal to them. The Church Anti-Slavery Society (so called) at its second annual meeting, on Monday, was attended by just 17 persons, including six newspaper reporters, five old ladies, and the lame man who sweeps out the lecture room of Dr. Cheever's church.

On Tuesday the American and Foreign Christian Union held its twelfth anniversary at Irving Hall; the audience consisting principally of ladies. Rev. Dr. DeWitt occupied the chair. Addresses were made by Dr. Bruchard, Dr. Willetts, Dr. Bacon, and others.

The American Bible Society held its 45th annual meeting this morning, at the Bible House, Hon. Theo. Frelinghuysen in the chair. The old officers were re-elected. The speakers were the President, Gen. Williams, Rev. Geo. A. Shelton, Hon. Luther Bradish, Rev. Dr. Hamlin, of Constantinople, Rev. E. S. Maclay, Missionary to China, Prof. Fische, and others. Receipts for the year, $389,551 52; expenditures, $389,289 77.

Sixty five new auxiliaries have been recognized, most of them in the South and West.

The receipts of the year from all sources were $389 551 52, of which $221,742 33 were for books sold.

Books printed at the Bible House, 829,000. Books issued, 721,878. Making an aggregate since the formation of the society of 15,000,759.

Gratuitous issues have amounted to $41,967 91.

Of life directors sixty two, and of life members 1302, have been made during the year.

Of the Bible Society record 414,000 have been issued, or 37,951 monthly.

These have been made for publishing and circulating the Scriptures in Spanish America, France, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Syria, India, China, Africa, and the Sandwich Islands, to the amount of $22,283 90, aside from the funds expended in the Bible House in printing foreign versions.

The business meeting of the American Congregational Union took place this morning at the Apollo, Rev. Mr. Thompson presiding. Receipts for the year, $14,048 80; Expenditures, $13,004 26; of which $9 065 was paid to churches. The object of this Society is to extend aid to weak Congregational Churches. The regular anniversary meeting takes place this evening, when Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Hon. H. J. Raymond, and others, will speak.

The Great Eastern is to be thrown open for exhibition on Tuesday; admission, 25 cents. Public curiosity in regard to the leviathan having in good degree subsided—or being superseded by the excitements of the war—there probably will not be much of a crowd. There is talk of an offer from the Government to charter her for the conveyance of troops, at an enormous figure, but it is only talk, I presume.

Many of our city families are leaving for Europe, intending to spend the summer in England or on the Continent, as far away as possible from the woful scenes of which their own country will probably be the theatre soon. The City of Manchester, which sailed yesterday for Liverpool, and the Bremen, for Bremen, were both crowded.

But four theatres will keep their doors open this week—the Winter Garden, Laura Keene's, the Chatham, and New Bowery, and of these four, two at least will suspend before the month is out

There is a prospect of the Havana line of steamers resuming this week, with the New Orleans connection of course cut off.

Cotton—Is quiet, 1700 bales were sold at 13¾a14c for middling uplands.

Flour, &c.—Western and State Flour continue in fair demand. 17,500 barrels were sold at $5 00 a 5 10 for superfine State and Western; $5 20 a 5 25 for extra State; $5 30 a 5 40 for the low grades of Western extra, and $5 50 a 5 60 for shipping brands of round hoop Ohio. Southern Flour is heavy. 1,000 bbls changed hands, at $5 75a6 35 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6 45a8 50 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is steady. 200 bbls. are reported sold, $3 10a$4. Corn Meal is selling at $3 15a3 20 for Brandywine.

Grain.—The demand for Wheat is more active; 193,000 bushels were sold at 117 a 119c. for Chicago Spring; 120 a 123c. for Milwaukee Club; 124 a 126c. for red State, and 160 a 172c. for white Michigan. Barley Malt is without any material change. Rye is selling at 67 a 68c. Corn is less active; 57,000 bushels were sold at 66 a 67c. for round yellow.

Provisions.—Pork is in fair demand; 700 bbls. were sold at $17 50a17 75 for mess. Beef continues steady, and prices are unchanged. Lard is firmer; 950 pkgs were sold at 9¾a10c. Butter and cheese are steady, and prices unchanged.

Whisky—Is in good request; 1400 bbls. were sold at 16a16¼c.

The following were the closing rates at 3½ P. M:

	Off.	Ask.		Off.	Ask.
U S 6s '81 reg	88½	89	Harlem R	10¾	11
U S 5s coup	87	87¼	do Pref	27	27¼
Tenn S 6s	45½	46	Reading R R	30	30⅛
Va S 6s	44	44½	Mich Cen R R	44	44¾
Mo S 6s	35¼	35⅜	Mich S & N I R	13	13½
Cali'a St 7s	73	74	" guaran'd	27¼	27¾
Del & Hud	82	83	Panama R R	98½	99⅛
Penna Coal	75	79	Ill Cen, (scrip)	65½	65¾
Cumb Coal	5	7	Ill Cen Bds	—	—
Pacific M S Co	68¼	69	Gal & Chi R R	58¼	58¾
N Y Cen R	71½	71⅝	Cl & Tol R R	23¼	23⅜
Erie R	21	21¼	Chi & Rk I R R	35⅝	36
Hud Riv R	35½	36	Chi Bur & Qui	57	57½

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The Philadelphia Banks, with the exception of the Bank of North America, make their semi-annual dividends on the first Tuesday of May and November in each year, and yesterday being the first Tuesday in May, the following dividends were announced. We give the dividend declared by each, compared with the dividend made in November last:

Banks	Capital.	Nov.	May.	Amount
Philadelphia........	$1 800,000	5	3	$54,000
Farmers and Mec.'	2 000,000	4	3	60,000
Girard............	1 250,000	3½	3	37,500
Commercial.......	841,400	3½	3	25,242
Mechanics'.......	800,000	5	3½	28,000
Manuf and Mechs'	570,150	4	3	17,104
Western.........	418,600	5	4	16,744
Consolidation.....	267,580	3	3	8,025
Southwark........	250,000	5	5	12,500
Bank of Commerce.	250,000	5	3	7,500
Kensington......	250,000	5	3½	8,750
Penn Township....	350,000	4	3	10,500
Northern Liberties.	500,000	5	3	15,000
Tradesmen's.......	150,000	4	4	6,000
City............	433,850	3½	passed.	——
Commonwealth....	284,185	3	"	——
Corn Exchange....	183,490	3	"	——
Union...........	209,150	3	"	——
	$10,807,385			$305,966

The dividends, it will be seen, are in the aggregate less than three per cent., and are the lowest made at any time in several years. In November last, they amounted, on the same capital, to $452,799, against $305,866 now. Four of the new banks, we understand, have passed their dividends. The small dividends made by the old banks, and the failure to make any dividend by the four new banks named, is attributable to the limited business the past year, and the losses by the many failures among the prominent business men in the past two months. The Philadelphia, Farmers and Mechanics', Southwark, Tradesmen's, Bank of Commerce, and the Kensington, pay on demand; the Commercial on and after the 10th instant, and the Girard, Mechanics', and Manufacturers and Mechanics' on and after the 17th inst

The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season, as compared with last season.

Roads, etc.	Week.	Season.	Last Season	Inc'r.	Dec.
Reading R.......	35,651	596,285	653,966	——	57,681
Schuyl. Nav......	29,976	181,271	240,273	——	59,002
Lehigh Nav......	30,795	91,719	123,299	——	31,580
Lehigh Val R.....	13,750	321,555	312,669	8,886	——
Del. & Lack R....	......	......	......	——	——
Shamokin R.......	4,167	52,649	41,279	11,370	——
Trevorton R......	72[illegible]	15,431	26,6[illegible]8	——	10,197
Lykens' Val. R....	2,73[illegible]	36,508	39,218	——	2,710
Barclay R........	......	......	......	——	——
Broad Top R......	4,71[illegible]	54,367	60,834	——	6,470
Penna. Coal Co....	......	......	......	——	——
Del. & Hudson....	7,360	7,360	......	——	——
Totals	......	......	......	......	......

We again omit the footings of our table, being without our usual weekly report by the Delaware and Lackawana. It will be seen by the figures given, that the tonnage thus far falls very considerably behind that of last year to the same time. There is an impression, however, among coal dealers, that there will be an advance in the price of coal before the season is over, and under this belief, some coal producers have withdrawn their circulars issued at the opening of the trade.

It has been estimated that the South is indebted to Northern citizens something like two hundred millions of dollars; but whether this large figure exceeds the aggregate or not, we are unable to say. It is certain that from an early day in our national history this debt has been steadily accumulating, and latterly at a dangerous rate. This pile was not built up in one day. A large part of it consists of stocks issued by States, cities, counties and railroad companies for works of improvement of various kinds. The States of Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri and Texas have run up numerous and deep scores on the world's ledger, to say nothing of the nice operations of Mississippi and Florida, many years ago.

The public will be glad to learn that the bridges on the line of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, which were destroyed by order of the authorities of Baltimore and Maryland, to prevent the transit of Government troops, have been so far repaired, as to allow of the passage of trains daily.

The Miners' Bank, at Pottsville, has declared a semi annual dividend of three and a half per cent., payable to Philadelphia shareholders at the Bank of North America, on and after the 17th inst.

The Exchange Bank of Pittsburg, has declared a dividend of three per cent., payable to Eastern stockholders at the Western Bank, in this city, on and after the 17th inst.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. Robinson & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask		Par	Bid	Ask
LOANS.				Susq & Tide	50	--	--
U States 6s '81	100	88	89	" bds '78	100	--	--
Treas Notes	100	--	--	Del Div Cnl	50	30	33
Penna 6s	100	--	--	" bonds	100	80	85
" 5s	100	74¾	75	RAILROADS.			
" 5s cp	100	88	89	Cam&Am R	100	107½	107¾
Philada 6s o	100	85	86½	" 6s '64	100	..	..
" R	100	86	86⅝	" 6s '64	100	87	91
" G Ln	100	86	86½	" 6s '67	100	..	..
" N Ln	100	94	94½	" 6s '70	100	80	85
" coup'n	100	..	..	" 6s '75	100	80	81
" 5s	100	..	..	" 6s '83	100	76	80
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	55	..	" 6s '89	100	76	80
" 6s R	100	..	..	" 6s '63	100	..	..
Alleg City 6s	100	50	..	Phil & Trn R	100	101	..
" co R	100	25	30	" bds '68	100	88	92
Camden 6s	100	..	..	Penna R	50	35½	36
Tenn 5s	100	25	45	" 6s 1st m	100	..	92¾
Cincinna 6s	100	..	..	" 2d mtg	100	81½	82
Missouri 6s	100	25	40	L Schuyl R	50	9	12
St Louis bds	100	..	..	" 6s	100	79	..
BANKS				" 7s	100	..	..
N Amer Bk	100	..	..	Del R m bds	100	80	..
Philadelp'a	100	..	103	" guar	100	..	..
Far & Mec	50	..	49	Beaver M R	50	54¾	51
Commercial	50	..	42	" pref 10	50	53	..
N Liberties	50	..	..	Phil.G&NR	50	45½	47
Mechanics'	20	..	21¾	" 6s	100	88	93
Southwark	50	60	..	Reading R	50	15	15¼
Kensington	50	..	..	" pf stk	50	25	..
Penn Town	35	..	33	" m 6s '43	100	85	90
Girard	50	30	37	" m 6s '44	100	85	90
Western	50	..	55	" " 6s '48	100	..	..
Manu & Mec	25	..	..	" m 6s '70	100	77	79
Commerce	50	..	..	" m 6s '86	100	66	69
Tradesm's	50	..	..	Minehill R	50	52	54
City	50	30	35	H'rM J &LR	50	50½	51
Consolidat'n	25	..	..	" R bs '83	100	83	..
Commonw'h	25	..	..	N Penna R	50	6	7
Corn Exch	30	..	..	" 6s	100	55	55
Union	40	..	25	" 10s	100	83	88
Camden	50	50	..	Sha V & Pts	50	..	..
" Far & M	50	..	..	Phil & Sun7s	100	..	72
Germant'n	50	48	..	Chester V R	50	..	..
Miner's Pitts	50	..	..	" 7s	100	25	30
Trenton B C	50	40	..	Lehigh V R	50	33	41
Bk Pittsb'g	50	..	..	" 6s	100	85½	86
Mer & Manu	50	..	..	Elmira & W	100	..	..
Exchange	50	..	..	" prefd	50	..	10
Kentucky	100	..	90	" bds 7s	100	..	61
" North	100	..	90	" 10s	100	..	..
" South	100	..	..	Catawiss R	50	..	..
Louisville	100	..	95	" pfd	50	3	5
Farmers'	100	..	..	" 10s	100	..	..
Tenn Union	100	..	60	Phil W&BR	50	27	32
" Plants	100	..	80	" bds '83	100	..	..
INSUR CO.				" loan	100	89	90
N America	10	12	16	Phil & Erie	50	..	..
Penna F& A	200	..	..	" bds	100	..	..
Life& Annui	100	118	175	" scrip	100	..	..
Girard L & T	25	26	31	Cum Val R	50	..	..
Amer Fire	75	..	..	L Island R	50	8¾	8¾
Penna M&N	100	200	..	" 6s	100	75	80
Franklin	100	200	230	WChester7s	100	60	72
County	50	..	..	CITY P. R.			
CANALS.				Second St R	20	38	38¾
Sch Nav shs	50	3	7	" 1st m 7s	100	90	92
" prfd	50	11	12½	" 2d m 7s	200	..	..
" loan '72	100	75	85	Germant'n	8	..	..
" loan '82	100	55	65	Fifth&6th R	50	..	40¾
" boat ln	100	..	..	" 7s	100	89	91
" imp ln	100	65	70	Tenth St	20	..	..
" 1876	100	52	60	Spruce St R	8	5	6
Leh Nav shs	50	48¼	48¾	Chesnut StR	10	6	25
" Scrip	50	33	35	W Philad R	50	54	57
" 6 per ct	100	99½	100	" 7s	100	95	100
Morris Canl	100	40	43	Arch St R	20	8	11
" prefd	100	103	14	Race St R	18	4	4½
" bds	100	82	86	" 7s	100	25	50
" 2d mtg	100	..	..	Green St R	15	10	12
Ches & Del	200	30	..	" 7s	100	69	..
" 6s '86	100	..	70	MISCELLA's			
Union C shs	50	..	..	Acad of M	100	30	45
" pref 6s	50	..	..	Philada Ex	100	..	65
" bonds	100	10	..	Pa&Lh Zinc	50	10	15

New York Stocks.				Baltimore Stocks.			
N Y Cen R	100	71½	71¾	Balt City 6s	100	82½	83
Ill Cen R	100	63	64	Maryland 6s	100	80	81
Rock Isl R	100	35¾	35½	Balt R 6s '85	100	..	..
Gal & Chi R	100	58½	59	" shs	100	40	43
Mich South	100	12¼	13	N Cen R shs	50	10	14
Cleve & Tol	50	13¼	22½	" 6s	100	35	40½

There is sufficient reason to believe that the refusal of merchants and others in the South to pay their Northern creditors is a general measure, to be encouraged and perhaps presently recognised by Davis and his fellow mutineers. We hear and read every day of instances of such refusal, many of them made in the most insulting terms; and a careful scrutiny of the Southern papers has shown us that many of the most influential of these journals openly and elaborately advocate this mode of dealing. The New Orleans Bulletin says on this point:

"It is to those unacquainted with the laws of war and their application a revolting idea, that a condition of hostility between two Governments should absolve all contracts *previously* made in good faith between their citizens, *that the property honestly acquired and held by the citizens of one State in other State, should be a fit subject of confiscation; and that a debt due by a citizen living in one State to a citizen living in another belligerent State, should of right, and must, be repudiated.* Viewing these propositions in the abstract, such a principle of morals may not be entirely understood and appreciated by merchants and capitalists, educated to regard rights of individual property as sacred, and the sanctity of contracts as inviolable under any and all circumstances. *But yet the rule is a correct one*, sustained by usage and the highest authority."

To justify this assertion, the Bulletin proceeds to quote from a decision of Chancellor Kent, which turns, however, only on the question of contracts made *during* a war, the gist of his remarks being contained in this sentence:—

"It follows, as a necessary consequence of the doctrine of illegality of all intercourse or traffic, without express permission, that all contracts with the enemy, *made during the war*, are utterly void."

The Memphis Avalanche elaborates the New Orleans Bulletin's suggestion, and advocates a general confiscation of the property of all Northern citizens in Tennessee by act of the Legislature. It proposes the appointment of commissioners in each county to obtain from merchants, under oath, a list of their debts due North, and the sums so due are afterwards to be collected and appropriated by the State. Also, all companies, corporations and agencies are to surrender to the State such Northern property as they hold and such debts as they owe to persons in the North, and stock held in such companies by Northern men is to be forfeited. "Let this act touch the commercial debt of our citizens, as well as all other property," says the Avalanche. We find a similar suggestion in a Richmond paper, and a proclamation from the Governor of Georgia, in which commercial repudiation is commanded. He forbids citizens of Georgia to pay any debts due to Northern creditors. The Governor "invites citizens who are indebted" to the Northern States to invest their spare cash in Georgia bank stock, or, still better, to "perform a patriotic duty" by giving it to the Southern Confederacy for war purposes. He further forbids the protest of notes by any Georgia banks. This is a very serious matter, especially to a community like our own, which has been largely connected in business with the South; and the question immediately arises in the mind of a merchant when such a loss stares him in the face, "What can I do to save myself?" The New York Post says, "There can be but one reply to such a question Our merchants have wisely taken and are pursuing the only course which will help them to their own again. They are most generously rallying to the support of the government, and aiding it to put down rebellion; and in doing this they are taking the only and the most efficient measures for the recovery of their just debts. When the government has put down rebellion, then the laws, which are now a mere dead letter in the States the rebels hold, will once more be enforced; and then, and not till then, our Northern merchants will be able to recover, by regular process of law, such debts as are due them in those States. And for the rest, confiscation is a game which two parties can play at, and there is little doubt that the Government will not suffer those loyal citizens who come to its support now, to be unjustly defrauded of their rights when it once more re establishes law and order where treason, rebellion and license now have their sway.

There is much reason to apprehend that the rebels of the South are preparing for themselves sad disappointment, which will seriously affect their spirit when it comes. The Vicksburg Sun says:

"England and France will, ere the closing of the first campaign, have opened every Southern port from which cotton is shipped, and the South will be blessed with the proceeds of the sale of 4,000,000 of bales."

And the New Orleans Crescent adds:

"All desired now from John Bull is the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and two or three British squadrons off the Southern ports or in the Gulf, just to teach Mr. Lincoln the law of nations in regard to blockades"

These braggarts, who talk, the New York Post justly remarks, as if they were in the habit of eating a Union man for breakfast every day, lose no time in appealing for foreign help for their bad cause. But they will not get it. Great Britain and France understand very well that all the cotton which the South has to sell will be shipped from the loyal ports without their intervention. They know that the planters cannot eat cotton, that they cannot afford to keep it, and that New York, Philadelphia and Boston are excellent avenues for the safe export of all that is raised. They are not alarmed about their cotton.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, May 13.—The arrivals of Cattle at A. J. Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard during the past week, amounted to 1640 head. The prices generally ranged from $8 to 9 25 per cwt. Some choice lots sold from $9 50 to $9 75. 40 Cows were sold at from $22 to 30 per head for Springers, and those with Calves from $25 to 30 per head. 4000 Sheep sold at from $4 50 to 4 75 per cwt., gross. 1380 Hogs were disposed of at from $5 50 to 6 50 per cwt., net. At Imhoff's Union Hog Yard 4721 Hogs were yarded. This large over supply tended towards making the market dull. The prices were—Still-fed at from $5 to 6; Corn-fed, from $5 50 to 6 50 per cwt., net.

Baltimore, May 9.—Beef Cattle.—The offerings were 400 head, of which 160 were left over unsold; balance sold at from 4¼ to 5¾c per lb. Market dull and slow. Hogs—Sales at 7 to 7¼ cents per lb. Scarce. Sheep—Sales at 4 to 5c. Scarce.

New York, May 8.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows: Beef Cattle—First quality, $8 a 9 per cwt.; ordinary quality, $7 50 a 8; common quality, $6 50 a 7 00; inferior quality, $6 00 a 6 50. Cows and Calves—First quality, $55 a 60; Ordinary do., $40a50; Common do., $30a35 inferior do, $25 a 30. Veal Calves—First quality, 5 a 5¾ cts. per lb. Ordinary do., 4¼a5; Common do, 4 a 4¾ cts.; interior do., 3 a 3¾ cts. Sheep and Lambs—Prime quality, per head, $5 a 6; Ordinary, $4 a 4 50; Common, $3 50 a 4; Inferior, $3 a 3 25. Swine—First quality, 4¾ a 4¾c; other qualities, 3¾ a 4c.

Brighton, (near Boston,) May 9.—At market, 900 Beeves, 95 Stores, 1200 Sheep and Lambs, and 3000 Swine. Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $7 25; first quality, $7; second quality, $6 75; third quality, $5 50. Sheep and Lambs—$1 50 a $1 75; extra, $2, a $5 50. Swine—Stores—Wholesale, 6 a 7c; retail, 6 a 8c; still fed 4¾c; spring pigs 10 a 11c.

Cambridge, May 8.—At market about 250 Beeves. Prices of Market Beef—Extra, $6 75 a 7, first quality, $6 50; second quality, $5 75; third do., $4 25. Sheep and Lambs—1100 at market. Prices in lots, $1 75 a 2 25 each. Extra, from $3 25 a 5 50, or from 3¾ a 5¾c per lb. Spring Lambs, $3 a 5.

PHILAD'A WHOLESALE MARKET.

The markets generally have ruled dull, but steady, during the entire week. Breadstuffs sell at full prices; the demand is chiefly for Wheat and Corn for shipment. In Coal and Iron there is not much doing. Cotton continues firm, but business at a stand still. Provisions have been inactive, and prices of most kinds favor the buyers: Fish, Fruit and Lumber are very dull. *Bark*—Quercitron has fallen off, and only about 70 hhds sold at $26 50 for 1st No. 1, and $22 50 for No. 2. *Beeswax*—Holders firm at 32c for good yellow. *Coal*—There is a steady demand for anthracite to supply the Eastern markets, without any change in prices but the home trade is moderate for the season. *Coffee*—About 1900 bags Rio sold at 13 a 13¾c. on time, and 4700 bags, also Rio, an entire cargo, at 10¼ a 13¾c. average 11 7c., showing a decline on the previous sales. *Copper*—We quote Sheathing at 25c and Yellow Metal at 18¼ a 19c per lb 6 months, and very little selling. *Cotton*—The foreign news has imparted more firmness to holders but there is little or no demand from manufacturers, most of the mills in this neighborhood having stopped operations, and only 150 a 200 bales in all sold at from 12½ to 15 a 15¾c cash and time, for Uplands and Gulfs. *Fish*—Mackeral ranges at $14 a 16 for medium and large 1s, $17½ for extra do., $6 a 7 and $10¼ a 11 for medium and large 2s, $5 for medium and $8 per bbl for large 3s. Pickled Herring are quoted at $2 50 a $3 per bbl Nothing doing in dry Cod. *Fruit*—Sicily Oranges and Lemons range at $1 50 a $2 per box. *Flour and Meal*—Sales reach some 6000 a 7000 bbls in lots at $5 50 a $ 62½ for standard and good superfine which is rather scarce; $5 75 a $6 for common and good extra; $6 12 a 6 50 for family, and $6 75 a 7 25 per bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is dull at $3 50 per bbl. Corn Meal—Penna sold at $2 75 a 2 87½ per bbl which establishes an advance. *Grain*—Sales comprise about 35,000 bushels, at $1 31 a 1 33 for fair to good Western and Penna reds; $1 34 a 1 35 for choice lots in store and $1 40 a 1 55 for white; 2000 bushels fair Kentucky at $1 45 a 1 55, in store. Rye—About 4000 bushels Pa. sold at 68 a 65c. afloat and in store. Corn—38 000 bushels found buyers at 65c for prime Southern yellow, afloat, and 63 a 63½c in store and in the cars; Western mixed at 61 a 63c and damaged lots at 55 a 60c. Oats—Some 16 000 bushels sold at 33 a 34c for Penna, afloat; Southern at 32½ a 33½c Barley and Malt remain very quiet, and prices nearly nominal. Sales of Mill Feed at $16 50 per ton. *Ginseng*—Prices are nominally unchanged. *Guano*—The demand is less active and no alteration in prices. *Hemp*—Is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of manufacturers *Hops*—Prices range at 15 a 22c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are very dull *Iron*—Sales of Pig Metal at $21 a 22 for No. 1 Anthracite, and $20 a 21 for No. 2, on time. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Manufactured Iron is also neglected. Some of the mills are still busy in filling old contracts *Lead*—Galena is offered at $5 50. A small sale of Virginia was made at $5 37½ the 100 lbs., cash. *Lumber*—Supplies of Laths and Pickets are large, and the demand very limited. *Molasses*—65 hhds Cuba sold by auction at 16 a 17¾c., 4 months, and 5 hhds New York Syrup at 29c., cash. *Naval Stores*—Sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 85 a 95c per gallon. Sales of Rosin at $1 25 for strained common, and $2 50 per bbl for No. 2. Pitch and Tar sell slowly at the advance. *Oils*—Sperm and Whale meet with limited sales. Lard Oil is dull. Sales of Linseed at 54 a 55c weight, and 57c measure. *Plaster*—Prices are unsettled and lower with sales at $2 62½ per ton. *Provisions*—Barreled meats are nearly nominal at $18 50 a $19 for Mess Pork. A sale of 200 bbls is reported at $18 cash, which is a decline. City mess Beef sells at $15 a 16 per bbl. Bacon is dull, hams selling at 10 a 12c for plain and fancy cured; 8¼ a 10c for sides, and 7¾ a 8c for shoulders. Green meats are quiet; sides are held at 9 a 9½c and shoulders in salt at 7c. Hams range at 8½ a 9c. Lard is quiet; 500 tierces and bbls Western sold at 10 a 10½c cash and time, and kegs at 11 a 11½c. Butter—Prime roll sells at 12 a 13c. Cheese at 8½ a 9½c per lb. Eggs are plenty at 8c per dozen. *Rice*—The sales are mostly in a small way at 5¾ a 6¾c per lb. *Seeds*—We quote nominally at $4 25 a 4 50 for Clover; $2 a 2 25 for Timothy, and $1 45 a 1 50 per bushel for Flaxseed. *Spirits*—N. E Rum sells slowly at 30 a 32c. Whisky is dull and prices are nearly nominal at 17 a 18c for Penna and Ohio bbls; 16½c for drudge, and 17 a 17¼c for hhds. *Sugars*—1400 hhds, mostly Cuba, sold at 4¾ a 6c; the bulk of the sales was at 4¾c, on time, including 140 hhds Porto Rico sold by auction at 5¾ a 6¾c 4 mo. credit. *Tallow*—City rendered is quoted at 9c. and country at 8c per lb. *Tobacco*—The market is quiet, owing in some measure to the advanced pretensions of holders, who are asking higher prices for manufactured. *Wool*—The medium and low grades are held with rather more firmness, in anticipation of a demand for army clothing, but prices are nominally unchanged.

Freights—There is very little movement in foreign, and no new engagements to London or Liverpool have been made public. To the West Indies the going rates are 38 a 40c for Sugar, home from Cuba. Boston freights are steady. To the South there is nothing doing. Colliers have been more plenty. The following are the rates paid from Port Richmond:—To Portland, $1 40; to Portsmouth and Newburyport, $1 50; to Boston, $1 40; to New Bedford, $1 25; to Newport and New London, $1 20; to Norwich $1 30; to Pawtucket, $1 45; to New Haven, Bridgeport and Derby, $1 10; to New York and Newark 95c; to Albany and Troy, $1 20; to Philadelphia, 12½c, to Rhode Island, $1 25; Washington, D C, $2; Key West, $4; and Fort Monroe, $2 per ton. One hundred and eighteen vessels and 24 boats have arrived during the week.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of Flour, Wheat, Grain and Oats, at the several points named, at the latest dates received:

	Flour.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Philadelphia........	5 68	1 40	65	34
New York.........	5 25	1 33	68	36
Buffalo...........	5 12	1 15	58	28
Cleveland.........	4 50	1 15	44	28
Wilmington, Del....	4 60	1 40	68	34
Richmond.........	8 00	1 30	65	34
Cincinnati.........	4 75	1 15	36	30
Trenton, N. J......	5 25	1 35	68	35
St. Louis..........	5 00	1 10	48	31
Baltimore.........	7 25	1 20	61	31
Albany...........	5 50	1 30	68	36
Alexandria, Va.....	8 50	1 37	75	36
Boston...........	5 50	—	75	37
New Orleans.......	5 30	—	68	35
Pittsburg.........	5 10	1 12	40	23
Louisville.........	5 15	1 10	57	36½
Chicago..........	4 56	90	46	28
Rochester.........	5 60	1 25	64	35
Detroit...........	4 50	1 20	56	34
Toledo...........	4 50	1 20	50	35
Milwaukie........	4 00	77	54	37

To the Ladies.—Our lady readers who desire a fair complexion, will find an efficient agent in *Burnett's Kalliston*. Those who have used it are loud in its praises, as a preparation which imparts a clear, soft and beautiful hue to the skin, without being attended by any injurious effects. It is pronounced one of the best toilet fixtures ever prepared.—*St. Louis Evening News*

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston. Sold by dealers generally, at 50 cts. a bottle. §

MARRIED.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Jenkins, Mr. JOHN S. JENKINS, Jr., to Miss SALLIE J. EVANS, both of Montgomery county. *401

On the 9th instant, by Rev. B. M. Tillotson, Mr. JOHN D. HOPKINS, of New York, to Miss JOSEPHINE GAVIT, of this city. *13

On Wednesday evening, May 8th, 1861, by the Rev. F. C. Pearson, Mr. JOHN F. MELEY, of Hamilton, Ohio, to Miss LUCY ANN HUNTER, of West Philadelphia. [Hamilton Intelligencer please copy.]*903

In this city, on the 16th of April last, by Rev. W. Mullin, Mr. JOHN C FREY and Miss MARTHA D. CLARK, both of Bucks county, Pa. [Doylestown papers please copy.] *910

On Wednesday evening, May 8th, 1861, by Rev. F. C. Pearson, Mr. JOHN S HANSELL to Miss MARGARET MARTIN, both of Twenty fourth Ward, Philadelphia. *909

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. SAMUEL VILE to MISS REBECCA T. PEARSON, all of Philadelphia. *949

RIEBEL—HEISS—On the 7th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOS. RIEBEL to Miss REBECCA E. HEISS, only daughter of Wm Heiss, Esq., all of Phila. *465

On the 2d inst., by the Rev. J. H Kennard, Mr. ALLEN J. BUBBS to Mrs. KATE COFFMAN, both of this city. 137*

On Tuesday evening, April 30th, 1861, by Rev. Roger Owen, Mr ROBERT J. SHENDAN, of Chesnut Hill, to Miss ANNIE M. HAINES, of Whitemarsh.

On April 3d, 1861, at 242 Hanover street, Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. FREDERICK MATHGE and Miss MARY BRUNSON, both of this city. *859

April 14th, 1861, at 242 Hanover street, Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHAS. FLOOD and Miss HENRIETTA FARRENHOLTZ, second daughter of Jos. Farrenholtz, of New York, formerly of this city. [N. York Sun please copy.] *853

On the 24th of September, 1860, by the Rev. J. Helfenstein, Mr. SAMUEL R. BENDER to Miss ELLEN SWIFT, both of Philadelphia. *140

On the 25th of April, by Rev. William S. Hall, CHARLES S. MOWREY, formerly of Petersburg, Va., to MARY E. MILLER, of Philadelphia. *861

On the 9th instant, by the Revd Thos. M. Martin, Mr. CHAS SCHRODER to Miss JANE MURR, all of this city. *439

DIED.

ABEL.—On the 8th inst., JAMES G. ABEL, in the 5th year of his age.

BITTING.—Suddenly, on the 7th instant, MARY W., eldest daughter of George W. and Ann Eliza Bitting, aged 15 years and 4 months.

BUCKLEY.—On the 10th instant, KATE IRENE, only daughter of James and Catharine Buckley, Jr., aged 1 year and 10 months.

CARROLL.—On the 10th instant, CATHARINE, daughter of Thomas and Margaret Carroll, aged 16 months.

CRAIG.—On the 9th instant, ANNIE, aged 14 months and on the 10th, JOSEPH, aged 3 years and 10 months, children of Jared and Sarah Ann Craig.

GARDENER.—On the 7th inst., of inflammation of the Lungs JOSEPHINE V., eldest daughter of Dr William and Amanda Gardener, aged 18 years and 6 months.

GILLIES.—On the 8th inst, Mrs. MARY GILLIES, in her 77d year.

GREGORY.—Suddenly, on the 8th inst., PATRICK GREGORY, aged 40 years.

HEART.—On the 10th instant, HUGH HEART, in the 40th year of his age.

JOYCE.—On May 9th, 1861, WILLIAM, son of William and Catharine Joyce, aged 4 years and 3 months.

KELLY.—On the 10th instant, LUCIE, daughter of John W. and Sarah A. Kelly, in the 6th year of her age.

KENNADY.—On the 8th inst., ISABELLA KENNADY.

MACKEY.—On the 10th inst., JULIA MACKEY, in the 24th year of her age.

NEUMANN.—On the 9th inst., of scarlet fever, WILLIAM EASTWOOD son of Henry and Mary Ann Neumann, aged 2 years, 5 months and 10 days.

NEWMAN.—On the 7th of May, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, JAMES NEWMAN, in the 56th year of his age.

PRICE.—On the 6th inst., ANNA MARIA PRICE, wife of Joseph P. Price, aged 25 years.

RUSHTON.—On the 9th inst., JAMES EDWARD, infant son of Elizabeth and the late James Rushton, aged 14 months.

SMITH.—On the 10th inst, THOMAS SMITH, aged 59 years.

SPELLMAN.—On the 10th inst., JOHN JOSEPH SPELLMAN, son of John and the late Catharine Spellman, in the 30th year of his age.

THORNTON.—On the 10th instant, EDMOND THORNTON, in the 30th year of his age.

War Maps—Published this day, and for sale wholesale and retail, by JACOB WEISS, 600 Chesnut street (up stairs) Philadelphia, a War Map on a large scale showing all points of interest very plainly, Baltimore, Perryville, Frederick City, Washington, Harper's Ferry, &c. Price 25 cents.

Also, very accurate and special maps of Pensacola Harbor, showing Fort Pickens, Pensacola Navy Yard, &c., and of Norfolk Harbor and Hampton Roads with Fortress Monroe, Forts Calhoun, Norfolk, &c. From the latest Government surveys. Price 10 cents each. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price to any address within the U. States. Agents supplied at a liberal discount. my15 1t*511

Do You Want Whiskers or Moustaches?—If you do, and your beard won't grow, use my Onguent, which will force them to grow in 42 days, and won't stain or injure the skin. Sent by mail, postage free, anywhere. Price $1.

R. G. GRAHAM,
my15-1t*65 109 Nassau street, New York.

Latest Despatch—Merchants' Insurance. Companies and Business Men, desiring information, or having Goods for sale, or on Commission, or any respectable business transactions to attend to, may find it to their advantage to address

H. W. CROTZER.
my8 4t§ Despatch Office, Lewisburg, Pa.
☞ Enclose postage stamp to prepay reply.

Western and Northern Seed Potatoes, Ammoniated Super Phosphate of Lime, Poudrette and Bone Dust, for sale by

ROGERS & GREEN,
*664 No. 133 Market street, Philadelphia.

[Although it may now seem too late to recall such warnings there is an interest attached to the following lines of the English poet Tupper, which renders them worthy of a place in our columns at the present time; nor is the spirit of their friendly counsel undeserving of our regard in more than one aspect.]

"TO THE UNION."

Giant Aggregate of nations,
Glorious whole of glorious parts,
Unto endless generations
Live United, hands and hearts!
Be it storm or summer weather
Peaceful calm, or battle jar,
Stand in beauteous strength together,
Sister States, as now ye are!

Every petty class contention,
Heal it up as quick as thought,
Every paltry *place-pretension*,
Crush it as a thing of nought!
Let no narrow private treason
Your great onward progress bar,
But remain in right and reason,
Sister States, as now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!
People, leave that toy to kings:
Envy, jealousy, suspicion—
Be above such grovelling things!
In each other's joys delighted,
All your hate to—joys of war,
And by all means keep United,
Sister States, as now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger,
Still my counsel would be just,
Break the band, and all is danger,
Mutual fear and dark distrust:
But you know me for a brother
And a friend, who speak from far,
Be as one then with each other,
Sister States, as now ye are!

So a peerless Constellation
May those stars forever blaze!
Three-and-ten-times-threefold Nation,
Go ahead in power and praise!
Like the many-breasted goddess
Throned on her Ephesian car,
Be—*one heart in many bodies*,
Sister States, as now ye are!

THE FARMER.

☞ Persons sending communications to this office advertising seeds and other articles for sale, must put them in the shape of advertisements, and pay the usual advertising charge.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INSECTS AND BIRDS AGAIN.

Allow me to make some additional remarks on the subject of Insects and Birds in order to complete my communications on these matters:

Insects pass through four different forms of being or condition, known as the 1, egg; 2, larvæ; 3, pupa, and 4, imago state. We all know what is meant by their egg-state, and so I need not comment on it. In their larvæ, or caterpillar, or worm state, they are without wings, and some of them even possess no organs of motion, but they are all voracious and enormous eaters. In their pupa or chrysalis state they wrap themselves up in a transparent covering of their own making, called the *cocoon*, and now remain inactive and without food for a longer or a shorter time, during which their future organs of loco-motion are developed and completed. And in their last or imago state they burst their cocoon or shell and come forth in their full perfection—perfect flies, butterflies or insects with all their appendages of wings, legs and the like. And they now, as well as while yet in their worm-form, with unerring skill, easily know and find the several substances which form their appropriate food. For some live on the dung of animals, others on dead animals or *carrions*, others on living animals and insects, for insects even devour each other, while others again, and this by far the greater number, live on vegetable food, such as the leaves, seed and juices of trees, herbs, weeds, grass and grain plants. So some of these insects live in the waters or marshy places, and others in the air, and others again on and in the ground. So insects are always the most numerous at the equator, and decrease in number and also in variety as we proceed from thence either North or South towards the polar regions—beetles only excepted, which are the most numerous in the temperate regions of our earth. So some insects furnish an agreeable food for man, as, for example, the honey-bee, while others, such as the cochineal and kermes, are employed as a rich coloring matter in the arts; and others, such as the Spanish flies, are used in medical treatment for the raising of blisters in cases of severe inflammation—and others, such as silkworms, furnish materials for our most beautiful fabrics of dress, while others, again, form the only or chief food of quadrupeds, reptiles and birds.

The greatest number of our insects, as already stated, live on vegetable food. And they, by a wise provision of Nature, never make their appearance in either their worms or winged form until the vegetable food necessary for their existence and support is sufficiently grown for this purpose. And these vegetable-eating insects serve to keep those plants that would, if left to themselves, soon overrun and displace others in suitable check, and so preserve the balance or proper relative condition of plants in the vegetable kingdom. And if these insects themselves were not, in turn, kept in suitable check by our *insect-eating birds*, the very air and ocean and our earth would soon become so full of insects that they would eat up every green thing, and man himself could not live for want of food. And hence our numerous birds do, by another equally wise provision of Nature, make their appearance also exactly in time to consume such excess of the insect tribes, and so prevent them from endangering the life and welfare of man by again preserving a proper balance between the vegetable and insect kingdoms, so that neither of them may become too abundant for man's good.

Every region of our earth has its own peculiar insects and its own peculiar food for such insects. And when their food becomes scant they will take wing and, aided or driven by the wind, often make their appearance very suddenly, and in great numbers, in other parts of the country, and also at times, where they were never before seen, and continue their course and ravages with a perseverance, and in numbers that nothing but our insectivorous birds can check and diminish. And after these insects have performed the usual copulation of the sexes, and the females have laid their eggs, both the males and females speedily perish. But the female is always very careful to puncture and deposit her eggs in the soft parts of the tree or plant whose substance or juices constitute the most suitable food for her young larvæ, or worms, as soon as the eggs so laid shall have become worms, and in this way she effectually secures the continuance of her species.

Now, from the preceding statement of facts, it is manifestly both our interest and our duty to preserve the lives, nests, eggs and young of all our insectivorous birds, as our individual as well as our national welfare is so continuously and intimately connected with such preservation and protection. When the vegetable plants of our equatorial or tropical regions dry up, and their insects perish or sleep in concealed places, in consequence of the extreme heat and drouth of these regions, the birds migrate very great distances from thence to cooler and colder regions in search of food. And when the plants and insects of these cooler and colder countries in their turn wither and die or hybernate, these same birds, with their young, return again to the warm countries whence they came—so that they pass the winter in one country and the summer in another, and often breed young ones in both countries—and most birds take possession of their former year's nests or build new ones there. All of the birds that thus migrate are called *birds of passage*, from their passing forward and backward regularly every year. And hence the saying of Scripture, "Yea the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming." (Jeremiah 8, v. 7.) And the same is equally true of all other birds of passage. And the times of their appearance and departure is, in equable seasons, exact even to a day. But in other seasons it varies according to the coldness of the atmosphere, as cold weather keeps them back in spring and hurries them off in autumn. And our North American birds of passage are more numerous both individually and in species than those of any other country, and consist of the blackbird, bluebird, bobolink, crane, gulls, herons, orioles, pewits, robins, sparrows, stalks, swallows, woodcocks, woodpeckers, wild ducks, geese, pigeons and turkeys, &c., who always in their flight, unless driven out of their way by strong winds, fly in a straight bee-line coarse from North to South and *vice versa*. Birds, as I have already said in a previous number, may indeed become too numerous for our good—and perhaps some varieties of them are too numerous in some localities of our country. But it will be many years before we who dwell in the Middle and Northeastern States will have too many of these feathery tribes, as our birds are now a hundred times less numerous, as a general matter, than they ought to be to save our various grain, vegetable and fruit crops from the destructive ravages of our insect tribes. And I seriously doubt whether our birds, especially those of the insectivorous order, ever can or will be numerous enough to do us as much harm as our insects are now doing us and have done us for years past. And it will be time enough for us to make war on them when we are sure they are doing us more harm than good, if that time ever should come. In the month of July most of our singing birds become silent, as those that sing after this are generally young birds. According to Wilson's "American Ornithology," our American songbirds not only have more brilliant plumage, but are far more numerous in species than those of Europe, and many of them are also better singers than the most celebrated songbirds of Europe. And when we consider the beauty and the utility of these melodious songsters of the woods, fields and glens, who among us will not rejoice when we can again say, in the language of king Solomon, "For lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth; *the time of the singing of birds is come*, and the voice of the *turtle* is heard in our land." (Canticles 2, v. 12.) The word *turtle* as here used, signifies a species of dove, the turtle dove of the Bible. (See Genesis 15, v. 9; Levit 5, v. 9; 14, v. 22, 30; 5, v. 14; Luke 2, v. 24, and Jeremiah 8, v. 7.)

April, 1861. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BEES.

The principal profit of bee keeping lies in the sale of surplus honey, and as the kind of boxes in which this is deposited has much to do with the price it brings, this becomes a point worthy of some notice. I know that not many years ago bee-keepers never thought of boxing their bees at all, relying for profit on the sale of hive honey, strained honey, swarms, &c.; and such was their superstition that they would, no doubt, have been afraid to do so; but that time is past, except to some few who live in the woods and promise to remain there. Wooden boxes, however, are still used to some extent, putting them on the top of the ordinary hive, but honey does not show in them to good advantage, and, if intended for market, they are decidedly behind the age. Still the bees themselves have no objection to them. The box which seems, on several accounts, to be preferable to all others, is the small glass box described in some late works on the honey bee. Being about six inches square by five and a half deep, it is small and well adapted to retailing, selling readily to wholesale dealers on that account. Having four sides glass, and top and bottom wood, the quality of the honey can be seen at a glance. The fact, too, that when guide-combs are used, as they always should be, the finished cards of honey are just the right size for the table, which adds to its value. To make this box: get seasoned pine or bass-wood boards planed down to one-fourth of an inch in thickness; cut up into squares six and a quarter inches each way, and bore half of the pieces for the bottoms—boring by one pattern so that each box may fit any one hive. The posts for the corners must be of light wood, three-eighths of an inch square and five inches long. In putting up the box, set the post in from the corner on either side, so that when the glass is put on, it will not project beyond the edges of the top and bottom. Having set up the frame, put in the guide-combs. Pieces of comb an inch square will answer, though the larger they are the better. Let them be tender and white, so that they will not make hard or dark-colored spots in the finished cards of honey. Now put on the panes of glass, cut five inches by six, and fasten them with tins. The best size to buy for the purpose is ten inches by twelve, unless you order glass the proper size at the factory. Instead of using the small posts I have recommended, you may make larger, and groove them with a thick saw, so that the panes of glass may be slipped in the grooves and thus kept in their places. Of course, in this case the glass must be a little shorter, or the box a little larger square. When glass boxes are used they must be covered with a wooden one to exclude the light. The cost of materials for a box of the kind described will not be more than five or six cents, while that of making will be more or less, according to facilities. Without observing much order I purposed next to say a word about stands for bee-hives.

I think it best to let each hive in the apiary stand disconnected with the others, and if bees are kept for profit rather than for novelty or show, perhaps a stand made as follows is as good as any. Take good pine boards an inch or an inch and a quarter thick, saw them into lengths of two feet, match them together if necessary, and nail them to cleats two inches square, or larger. Stands should be made wide enough to project two or three inches on each side of the hive. Let one of these be put on the ground, made properly level, and I conceive that it will answer the purpose intended as well as the more costly affairs paraded before us by "patent" gentlemen. Separate stands are preferable to long benches on several accounts. A jar received by one is not communicated to others; the bees of one cannot pass to another without flying, &c. The last named consideration is quite important in the swarming season. The plan of suspending hives appears to me expensive and worthless. The advantages, if any, are greatly outweighed by the increased cost and the great loss of bees which it occasions. The number of bees that fall and perish in front of a suspended hive, would astonish one who has not closely observed. Besides, where hives are suspended in the ordinary way, there is a temptation on the part of the owner to put them too close together. Bee houses, aside from their cost, are objectionable for the same reason. Hives ought to stand two feet apart at least, and unless they are painted different colors, or are otherwise easily distinguishable, still farther. As to bee houses in general, it is difficult to make them so that the sun will strike the hives at more than one time in the day. This is quite a disadvantage in the spring. If the house fronts the south, the hives will receive the sun at noon when the bees need its warmth least. But by the system of separate stands they will be shaded in the middle of the day, but warmed early and late.

About the Italian bee, perhaps I should not say much. I would suggest, however, the propriety of remembering that its introduction into our country is an experiment. Granting that it possesses good qualities, interested parties will, of course, exaggerate them. Its proboscis is said to be so much longer than that of the common bee, that it can reach the honey cavities of the red clover blossom; but from a casual observation I certainly would not infer this, for the insect, as a whole, does not appear larger than the common species. It is said to be more hardy, industrious, vigilant in defending its stores, less inclined to sting, &c., which great number of excellent qualities incline one to doubt whether it really possesses one of them. It seems a little strange that so valuable an insect should have remained so long unknown, and that those who went out after it should have so great difficulty in obtaining it. We would naturally suppose, it being more hardy and, as I believe, more prolific, that it would at least have kept pace with the ordinary variety in propagating its kind, and in attracting the attention of man. The novelty of a new variety certainly ought not to induce us to place it above the common bee until its claims to pre-eminence are well established by accurate and repeated experiments. J. W. Q.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.

For the benefit of your agricultural readers, I give below the result of a small experiment, which I tried last year, in the line of raising potatoes. I took a very rich place in my garden and planted four hills, four feet apart, on the 23d of May, and dug them on the 21th of September. The soil was sand, gravel and loam well manured. The kind and quantity of seed as follows:

No. 1. The seed planted in this hill was *one* potato having 8 eyes and weighing 9 ounces; yield, 26 large ones and 17 medium and small. Number of potatoes 43. Weight of largest one 8 ounces. Kind of seed planted, Peachblow. Total weight of hill, 8 pounds 2 ounces.

No. 2. The seed in this hill was two small pieces, each piece having one eye; yield, 4 large ones and 7 medium and small. Number of potatoes 11. Weight of largest one, 5 ounces. Total weight of hill 1 pound 7 ounces.

No. 3. The seed was three small pieces, having in all five eyes; yield, 8 large ones and 11 medium and small. Number of potatoes 19. Weight of largest one 6 ounces. Total weight of hill 2 pounds 4 ounces.

No. 4. Seed, three small peeces, having in all 6 eyes; yield 4 large ones and 19 medium and small. Number of potatoes 23. Weight of largest one 4 ounces. Total weight of hill 2 pounds 6 ounces.

Total weight of all the hills 14 lbs., 13 ounces.
Weight of No. 1, - - - 8 pounds 2 ounces.
" " No. 2, 3, and 4, 6 " 1 "
Weight of No 1 above the rest, 2 lbs. 1 ounce.

The pieces of seed planted in 2, 3 and 4 were about as large as a musket ball. In consequence of the result of this experiment, I shall plant this year no potatoes but the largest and best. Another advantage in planting large seed is, the top gets an early and vigorous growth, in consequence of which the crop will be surer if the season should be dry, and dry seasons here seem to be the rule, instead of the exception.

I also planted, at the same time, forty hills, *with the eyes alone*, of the White Mexican Potato, putting two eyes in a hill. The tops came up late, grew slowly, and were never vigorous. The rot appeared among them when large enough to use, and destroyed them all. For my yearly supply I planted the Peachblow, putting two small potatoes or two small pieces in each hill. The yield was one hundred and thirty-three bushels an acre. The loss by rot was very light—less than one per cent. I shall try several experiments this season in the line of raising potatoes, and will give the result to the public. Will others go and do likewise?

Ingham County, Mich., 1861. H. A. A.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

EDUCATION OF THE AGRICULTURIST

No man is so high as to be independent of the success of this great interest; no man is so low as not to be affected by its prosperity or decline. Agriculture feeds us, to a great degree clothes us; without it we could not have manufactures, and we should not have commerce. These all stand together, but they stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the middle, and that largest is agriculture. We live in a country of small farms and freehold tenements; a country in which men cultivate with their own hands their own few, simple acres, drawing not only their subsistence, but also their spirit of independence and manly freedom from the ground they plow. They are at once its owners, its cultivators, its defenders. The cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of men. Man may be civilized in some degree without great progress in manufactures, and with little commerce with his distant neighbors; but without cultivation of the earth, he is, in all countries, a savage.

Jefferson County, Pa., 1861. A. S. H.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SOWING FALL GRAIN.

Quite an excitement was got up a few years since in our county about drills. Agents were scattered all over the county, and almost all the more extensive farmers procured drills. Here and there may be found a farmer still tearing away, trying to get his drill worn out, but most of them have thrown them entirely aside and resumed the old plan of broadcast sowing. Whether this arose from a defect in the machinery, or whether the whole plan is defective, we are unable to say. A new machine is being introduced, called the "Piston Drill," which claims to overcome all difficulties, but we suppose farmers will be a little cautious about it until it is tested. With our best wishes for any new discovery in this part of farm labor, we do say, we think the old plan is greatly abused. Farmers often plow a great quantity of land before sowing; by the time they are ready to sow, the ground has become so settled and compact that the grain is scarcely covered, and is easily thrown out by freezing in the winter. Now my plan is to sow as I plow, while the ground is open, one harrowing then will cover the grain as deep as three or four after the ground gets settled down by the rain, we can harrow twice in the same direction, or if we wish to cross-harrow we can leave it with one stroke until there is enough plowed to cross. GUILLEAUME.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MADDER.

This plant is a native of the South of Europe, and is imported in very large quantities from Holland. It is more employed as a dye than any other article used in the arts. Madder colors are known to be more permanent than any other coloring matter. It is occasionally cultivated in gardens among the German population of this State, who use it for domestic dyeing. The roots are long fibres as large as the finger, which is the portion used in commerce. Why cannot this root be more extensively cultivated by farmers, and would it be profitable? I should be glad to have some of your correspondents answer.

Indigo we know grows wild in South Carolina, and was formerly an article of commerce from that State. Could this plant be cultivated to advantage and profit? CO.

Phillipsburg, Pa., 1861.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

CONSTRUCTION OF REFLECTING TELESCOPES—Such telescopes as are constructed with glass lenses only are called dioptric, or refracting, telescopes; whereas, those which have a reflecting speculum are known as the catoptric, or reflecting telescopes. In the latter, a speculum at one extremity of the tube serves the purpose of the object glass, by forming an image at its focus, and the image so formed is viewed by the eye through intermediate reflectors. The Newtonian reflecting telescopes have one concave speculum at the bottom of the tube, and the rays reflected from it fall in a convergent state upon a small plane mirror placed so as to make an angle of forty-five degrees with the axis of the telescope; after the second reflection, the rays unite and form an image which is viewed through a Huygenian eye piece, fixed in the side of the tube, opposite the plane mirror, that is, near the open end of the tube. The telescope constructed by the late Sir Wm Herschel, differed from the Newtonian telescope only in having no small mirror. The surface of the great speculum, which was four feet in diameter, had a small obliquity to the axis, so that the image formed by reflection from it fell near the lower side of the tube at its open end; at this place there was a sliding apparatus which carried a tube containing the eye glasses. The observer in viewing was situated at the open end of the tube, with his back to the object, and he looked directly towards the centre of the speculum. The celebrated Rosse reflecting telescope is fifty-six feet long, and its speculum is six feet in diameter. It is capable of being directed from the zenith to the horizon towards the south, and from the zenith to a position parallel to the earth's axis towards the north; it has also a movement in azimuth of about eight degrees on each side of the meridian.

FEED APPARATUS FOR BOILERS.—This apparatus, by M. Giffard, of Paris, consists of a steam jet or injection pipe, which receives the steam from the boiler and directs it in a continuous jet into a small passage, the lower end or mouth of which is extended sufficiently to admit of the entrance of a stream of water, which by surrounding the steam jet pipe forms an annular jet of water with the steam jet in the centre. The water is drawn from a well or tank in any convenient situation. This arrangement of jets may, however, be reversed, that is the steam jet may be annular and the water jet in the centre of it; or two steam and water jets may be used in certain cases, such as where the condensation of the steam is not sufficiently rapid, owing to the heated state of the water in the hot well or tank of the engine. The water has an impulsive force imparted to it by the steam jet, and simultaneously receives a considerable amount of heat therefrom before it enters the boiler. On issuing from the narrow passage above referred to, the jet of water enters a second passage, which is expanded slightly at its lower end for a short distance, and also at its upper end, such expansion of the upper portion being gradual from the commencement of the lower expansion. This lower expansion or conveyance serves to maintain the entering jet compact whilst the upper divergent portion serves to diminish gradually, and without shock the impetus which has been imparted to the fluid. A small valve is interposed between the boiler and the jet pipe, so as to prevent the escape of water from the boiler when the feed apparatus is out of action. By making the steam or water jet pipe movable or adjustable in regard to each other, by means of screws or other regulating apparatus, the quantity of water elevated and forced may be controlled to a great nicety.

EXPANSIVE AND SUPERHEATED STEAM.—The discussions which have taken place relative to the expansive working of steam have tended to elucidate and to establish the principle that, in order to realize the economy properly due to expansion, means must be taken, by steam-jackets or otherwise, to prevent that condensation which always takes place in saturated steam when it performs work by expansion, without being supplied with heat from an external source. It is not that such condensation constitutes of itself a loss of power, but that the liquid water produced, by its pressure in the cylinder, acts as a conductor, diffuser and equalizer of heat, and tends to cool the steam at the beginning and warm it at the end of the stroke, and thus to lower the initial pressure and injure the vacuum, to reduce the work of the engine below that which is properly due to the expansion, and to make it approximate to that of a full pressure engine, working at same pressure intermediate between that of the admission and that of the exhaust. By the use of the steam jacket, the condensation of a certain quantity of steam is not prevented; but, instead of taking place in the cylinder, it is made to take place in the jacket, where the liquid water produced is not injurious. Besides the proper arrangement of the expansive working of steam, there is another means of improving the economy of power in the cylinder of the steam engine, by using steam heated to a temperature higher than the boiling point, corresponding to its pressure, or, as it is commonly called, superheated steam. The use of superheated steam enables to work at a high temperature, without producing a dangerous pressure.

GAS RETORTS.—The comparative merits of clay and iron retorts is a subject which has attracted much attention on the part of gas engineers during the past few years. The superior qualities claimed for clay retorts over those made of iron, are as follows: Their cost is less than iron, they are more durable, they have more carbonizing power, and they produce a greater quantity and a better quality of gas. Those who have adopted the clay retorts believe that all the qualities above mentioned are amply sustained. In regard to the first cost of a retort, the superior economy of clay over iron is very manifest. The durability of a retort is a point of special importance in an economical aspect. As regards the relative durability of clay and iron retorts, the results of the trials appear to have satisfactorily proved the superiority of clay. According to the published statements, the average duration of iron retorts, as worked in England, is ten months; whereas, in London, some clay retorts have been set and in use for four, five and six years, and those which have been used two and a half to three years may be seen at almost any of the works where they have been employed. Seventeen months, however, are considered a fair duration for clay retorts, at one of the principal London establishments, each one having produced one million and eight hundred thousand feet of gas—the expenditure of coal being no greater than that of iron retorts.

SMOKE-CONSUMING FIRE BOX.—An apparatus of this sort is mentioned as having passed successfully through a long comparative test with several other engines; it has been used on one engine for four or five months, and is said to work well. In the fire box is a deflector of copper and iron, with a water space inside it, through which pass nine hundred quarter inch air tubes which communicate with an air-space above. The air space passes down to the bottom of the fire box, and is fitted with a damper which enables a larger or less quantity of air to be admitted, as required. The air passes up the air-chamber and down upon the bed of coal in jets through the quarter-inch tubes. This gives oxygen in proper quantity to every part of the flame, materially aiding the combustion of the smoke and gas. With this apparatus an engine works free of smoke with an open stack, and the saving of fuel is claimed to be equal to the old waste of smoke, gas and sparks—equal to about thirty per cent.

ROAD MAKING ON A NEW PLAN.—A new system of road making has recently been successfully substituted for the ordinary roadway on a part of the Place de Palais Royal, in the city of Paris. According to this system, a quantity of concrete, about five inches in thickness, is first spread out and on that is applied a layer of bitumen reduced to powder and in a boiling state. On this latter, which is also about five inches in thickness, a quantity of river sand is sifted, and then the surface is pressed down by a heavy cast iron roller, weighing about two tons. In a few hours after, the road thus made may be passed over by the heaviest wagons without the slightest impressions being left by the wheels. The same system is now being applied to some of the principal avenues in the city.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO A SWALLOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK, BY A. H. F.

O, fond swallow, coming yearly,
Thou dost build thy sweet nest near me,
In the summer time to cheer me;
But in winter, sadly leaving
Me, thy friend, alone and grieving.
With thy form the light air cleaving,
Thou dost seek a clime more lovely,
Where the golden sun above thee;
Shining with resplendent glory,
Makes the earth all green before thee,
And within my heart as cozy,
Love, like thee, only more rosy,
Builds a nest with careful thatching,
In which she is always hatching
Passions; one is just disclosing
What the shell had been inclosing,
One an egg, and one a fledgling,
Right to liberty alleging.
But to thee, my friendly swallow,
From thy brood so young and callow,
From their little mouths distended,
Comes a cry with Nature blended,
Which is ever by thee heeded,
For the food and shelter needed:
When their care is not transcendant,
And they case to be dependent,
Then, without delay, the mothers
Busy are in hatching others—
What can then be my assistance?
For I cannot make resistance.
Ah! I know not what to do,
Since I am a friend to you.

Brunswick, Ill., 1861.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ORIENTAL ABLUTION.

An Experience in the Turkish Bath.

An article in the March number of the Cornhill Magazine describes the baths of Turkey. We extract the following description of the sensations of a bather:

ENTERING THE BATH.

"On entering the bath, the first apartment consists of a spacious hall, or rotunda, the central summit of which is open, admitting a gentle but free circulation of air, and is in form not unlike the cupola of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Running round by the wall is a raised dais or platform, covered with a carpet, and divided into compartments, one of which is appropriated to each visiter. In the centre of the building is a fountain, which plays refreshingly into a marble basin, raised on a pedestal of masonry. On a couch, on the platform above mentioned, you undress; your clothing is tied up in a napkin, and you are attired in three scarfs of toweling, of a peculiar fabric, warm and rough, but yet soft and gaily bordered with blue and red raw silk; one of these, the *subligar* or *subligaculum* of the Romans, girds the loins; another is thrown over the shoulder, and the last is twisted up into a turban for the head. Throughout this operation every care is taken to preserve decorum; and with a scrupulousness and delicacy almost unknown, we regret to add, to Europeans. Two attendants hold a cloth before you until you have undressed and properly adjusted the bathing attire; you then are furnished with wooden pattens, and quit the undressing room (*apodyterium*) for the heated chambers; the two attendants walking behind, still accompany you, and as you are on pattens, each hold you by the arm.

BEGINNING OF THE BATH.

"The swinging doors give access to a narrow passage, where the heat strikes upon the face, and announces very sensibly that the bath has begun. This passage makes a sudden turn at a right angle, and the heat then increases; though the temperature is still not high, and the mist of vapor is very slight, if at all perceptible. You now enter the tepid chamber, the *tepidarium* of the ancients. Sometimes 'the passage' above alluded to, is dispensed with, and the *tepidarium* itself forms the junction between the two halls. In the latter case it is oblong in form, and has a marble platform on each side, raised about a foot and a half above the central part; this, serving as a passage, is of course on the same level as the two chambers which it connects; but whether as a passage or as a hall in itself, it is all paved with marble. The mattress and cushion which are carried before you are laid upon the dais, and against the wall; the paraphernalia of other guests being similarly disposed all around. Coffee and pipes are now brought. In this apartment, dimly lighted, day sometimes being quite excluded, a flickering lamp reveals uncertainly the nature of the place and of its occupants. The perspiration gently starts from its myriad ducts, whilst the solemn murky air tranquilizes the spirit, and seems to exclude with a lull of calmness thoughts of the fretful world. It is here that a stranger in town or village first mingles with the inhabitants, and glides imperceptibly, and divested of the adventitious aids of dress and attendance, into the niche which his social status qualifies him to occupy. A gentle foretaste of shampooning is given in this apartment; an attendant chafes the feet, or lightly taps the neck and the limbs to start the perspiration. When it has fully broken out, you are ready for the hot chamber (*caldarium* or *laconicum*) which you now enter.

THE HOT CHAMBER.

"This is somewhat similar in form to the first hall, and is generally covered in with a dome, the light being admitted through loopholes filled with stained glass. Early in the morning the place is quite clear and the atmosphere is dry, but as the washing takes place here, it becomes at a later hour of the day filled with vapor; this has led many to imagine that the Turkish bath is, like the Russian, essentially a vapor bath; which is not the case. The Turkish bath is in principle, and in fact, a hot air bath; the vapor being almost an accident. Here the towels are all removed, except that which encircles the loins. Ablution is then performed, to which the sounds of clanking bowls and dropping water duly correspond. Through the light gray mist the attendants and bathers flit in a spectral manner, and ever and anon there arises a clapping of the hands, which is the bathman's method of signalizing. The process of shampooning which is here undergone is most peculiar, and is that part of the bath which of all others will be found least easy of adoption into this country. It is in itself an art of no mean attainment, and proves, as has been well remarked, that animal magnetism has been practiced in the East for centuries, and rendered so practically manageable as to be fairly designated the handmaiden of health.

"Mr. Urquhart's description of the performance, as it is given in his work, the 'Pillars of Hercules,' is as follows: 'Under the dome there is an extensive platform of marble slabs; on this you get up; the cloths are taken from your head and shoulders; one is spread for you to lie on, the other is rolled for your head; you lie down on your back; the tellak (two, if the operation is properly performed) kneels at your side, and bending over, grips and presses your chest, arms and legs, passing from part to part like a bird shifting its place on a perch; he brings his whole weight on you with a jerk, follows the line of muscle with anatomical thumb, draws the open hand strongly over the surface, particularly round the shoulders, turning you half up in so doing; stands with his feet on your thighs, and on the chest, and slips down the ribs, then up again three times; and lastly, doubling your arms one after the other on the chest, pushes with both hands down, beginning at the elbow, and then putting an arm under the back, and applying his chest to your crossed elbows, rolls on you across till you crack. You are now turned on your face, and, in addition to the operation above described, he works his elbows round the edges of your shoulder blades, and with the heel plies the angle of your neck; he concludes by hauling the body half up by each arm successively, while he stands with one foot on the opposite thigh. You are then raised for a moment to a sitting posture, and a contortion is given to the small of the back with the knee, and a jerk to the neck by the two hands holding the temples.'

"The reader must guard against the supposition that all this cracking of the joints and supple members, this kneading of the flesh, is attended with discomfort or pain. When it is skilfully performed, the sensation is even pleasurable; indeed this is signified by the Arabic word *mass*, which means to 'handle delicately.'

THE RUBBING.

"Next comes the washing, or rather the use of the glove made of camel's or goat's hair. After remoistening the body, which you do for yourself, with a cup given you for that purpose, you, in a sitting position, bend toward the attendant, who bending over you, rubs down the back, commencing from the neck. The loosened scarf skin peels off in little elongated rolls, and if collected will form a ball as big as a hyacinth root. It was for the removal of this dead cuticle that the strigil was anciently used; and how it has fallen into disuse would be a curious subject of research. We may infer from an epigram of Martial's, that it was originally an Eastern implement, for he speaks of its coming from Pergamus. Augustus borrowed his wooden reclining couch, called *durcta*, from Spain, and Suetonius expressly says that the word is Spanish. Many think that the word *strigil* is also Iberian; but *stringere*, to graze lightly, to pull or peel off, denotes its true derivation.

THE SOAPING.

"Following upon the glove comes the soaping process. A bowl of water is brought, frothed with Cretan soap, which is sometimes perfumed, and the soft, fibrous *liffe* of the palm tree to rub the body with. With this the body is washed, beginning at the head. This operation is repeated twice. Then come the hot cloths, in which you are wrapped; and the final act of the bath is to dash a bowl of water over the feet; a very important custom this, and one which opens up a very singular subject of inquiry, though we shall not at present touch upon it.

COOLING OFF.

"You now return to the cooling room, or *frigidarium*. There you recline upon a couch with a sense of ease and tranquillity almost indescribable. The blood circulates freely, the chest dilates, the fresh air comes charged with vitality. The wretched find life tolerable, and the aged cast off for a moment the burden of years. Savary, describing the sensation, says: 'It feels as if one was just born, and began to live for the first time. A lively sense of existence spreads over the whole body; one yields to the most pleasant imaginations, and the mind is entertained with the most delightful reveries. The fancy ransacks all nature, and finds in it nothing but the gayest pictures, and images of purest delight. If life,' he runs on, philosophizing after Locke, as was the manner of his countrymen in that day, 'If life is but the succession of ideas, the rapidity with which the memory then traces them, the vigor with which the spirit then traverses every link, would lead one to suppose that in the two hours of unbroken calm which follow the bath many years have elapsed.' Every one who has experienced the processes of the real Turkish bath, in their perfection, bear witness to the same effect. The whole man wakes, and yet the whole man is in a state of repose. There is a sense of recondite energy coupled with the silent serenity of absolute rest. The air grows electrical, and we find for the first time that breathing is inspiration. This feeling soon gives place to an eager appetite for exercise and labor: a most natural succession."

THE RESTORED.

A Thrilling Revolutionary Story.

God is everywhere. His words are on the hearts. He is in the battle field or in our peaceful home. Praise be to His holy name.

It was in the wilds of Wissahickon, on the day of battle, as the noonday sun came through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near the reefs which rose like the rock of some primeval world, at least one thousand feet above the dark water of the Wissahickon. The man with dark, brown face, and darker gray eye, flashing with deadly light and muscular form, clad in blue frock of the revolution—is a continental, named Warren.

The other man, with long black hair dropping along his cadaverous face, is clad in half military costume of a tory refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli—named Dehancey.

They met by accident and now they fought, not with sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental upon his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face.

"Quarter! I yield," gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast, "Spare me, I yield."

"My brother," said the patriot in that tone of deadly hate, "My brother cried for quarter on the night at Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. O, I will give you quarters of Paoli."

And as his hand raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, then pinioned the tory's arms and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife and child at home—spare me."

The continental with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer in his face.

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children orphans. Would you not like to go and beg your life of that widow and her orphans?"

The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate, was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children and to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory still tighter, placed him on the rocks again, and led him to the woods. A quiet cottage, embossed among the trees, broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearthstone, sat the widow and her children.

She sat there, a matronly woman of about twenty-three years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in a dishevelled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark haired boy of some six years, on the other side a girl of one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on the mother's knee. And now the pale-faced tory flung himself upon his knees, and confessed he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me for the sake of my wife—my child—"

He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.

"The Lord shall judge between us," she said, in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look, the Bible is in my lap, I will close the volume, and this boy shall open to a line, and by that you shall live or die."

This was a strange proposal, made in good faith of a wild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapt in deep thought—then in a fainting voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book and handed it to the boy whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible, opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger upon a verse.

There was a silence. The continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat,

Then in a clear bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament.

"*That man shall die!*"

Look! the brother springs forward to plunge a knife in the murderer's heart; the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knee. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child with the golden hair and black eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she was doing, the little girl opened the Bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she put her finger upon a line.

The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness; the widow and dark-haired boy are breathless. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those about, stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny finger resting on the line of life and death. At length, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes upon the page and read—it was a line from the New Testament—"Love your enemies!"

O book of terrible majesty and childlike love—of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture—you never shone more strongly than there in that lonely cot of the Wissahickon when you saved the murderer's life.

Now look how wonderful are the ways of heaven. That very night, as the widow sat by the fireside—sat there with a crushed heart, hot eyelids, thinking of her husband who now lay mouldering on the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door, she opened it, and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms. He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death, he was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom.

That night there was a prayer in the wood embowered cottage of the Wissahickon.

FANNY FERN

On Lovers and Marriageable Daughters.

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters, passes me. That it is done every day, does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, sixteen, or seventeen, or eighteen years of her life, combing her hair and washing her face for—"him." It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that this is to be the end of it all.

What if you "were" married yourself? That is no reason why she should be bewitched away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean upon her and be proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason that, after you have worried her through the measles, and chicken pox, and scarlet fever, and whooping cough, and had her properly baptized and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short breathing spell before she goes.

"He" seems to be of a different opinion; "he" not only insists upon taking her, but upon taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objection to "him," not the least in the world, except "that."

When the world is full of girls, why couldn't he have fixed his eyes on the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to get rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as blueberries; why need it be this particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is? Don't she have meat and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one?

You put all these questions to her, and she has the sauciness to ask, if that is the way you reasoned, when her father came for you. You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of the question. But she gets round you for all that, and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a—"well, if I must, I must," you just order her wedding clothes, muttering to yourself the while—"dear, dear, what sort of a fist 'will' that child make at the head of a house; how will she 'ever' know what to do in this, that or the other emergency; she who is calling on 'mother' fifty times a day, to settle every trifling question."

What folly for her to set up house for herself. How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter's wedding-clothes; and yet that daughter has met life, and its unexpected reverses, with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish tear had not been kissed away by lips that, alas! may be dust, when this baptism of womanhood comes upon her.

THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

I was quickly called to attend Saltoun in a severe attack of delirium tremens. There lay the strong man, raving of devils and snakes, as he expressed it, creeping things innumerable, both small and great; his face flushed, his eyes bloodshot and glistening, his tongue bitten through, and his black lips streaked with foam. He was struggling with imaginary demons, and shouting at the top of his voice that he was devil-possessed, and that his time was come to go to utter darkness. "Oh, devils of the air, how they glare on me! Messengers of Satan, sent to buffet me, I'll have it out yet! Off, off, I say! Crawl, crawl, creep, creep!" Then would ensue a fearful paroxysm, and he would make snatches at the bedclothes, or cower beneath them, or peep over the edge of the bed, with an expression of horror and fright difficult to forget—murderous in its terror. It required the utmost efforts of four able men to keep him down in bed. Now, unless physical force be applied so as not only to be perfectly adequate, but also to appear overwhelming, I have always found it productive of more harm than good; so, after repeated trials, I adopted the plan of keeping him in a recumbent position by means of a strong webbing across his chest, which was fastened down to the sides of the bed. He made several attempts, when he broke loose by accident, to throw himself out of the window.

He told me afterwards that he perfectly remembered this, and that he did it, not for the desire of suicide, which he afterwards experienced, but that he felt the conviction of being able to float painlessly on the air. His screams and yells were awful, and when they ceased he gabbled incessantly—it seemed a veritable diarrhœa of words, sometimes in senseless soliloquy, sometimes in ejaculations addressed to the imaginary beings who crowded his chamber; imploring their pity, or deprecating their insults. Throughout, consciousness was, as it were, broken up into fragments, exhibiting an utter absence of that alternate continuity which I have had occasion to remark as present in genuine insanity. In brain fever the same incoherency is generally noticeable. When he became a little more quiet, he was the prey of universal dread, in which every form, every sound, all the relations of existence seemed to inspire him with a nameless fear. For this he did not attempt to assign any reasonable cause; and it was pitiable to see how he would start and tremble even at the shutting of a door or the entrance of his servant into the room. The delirium ran its course, leaving him in a state of settled dejection; for days he would, if allowed, sit dumb and motionless, apparently without desire or will; his arms folded, his head sunk on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the ground with an expression of the deepest gloom; the utmost that could be extracted from him in reply to any question, was "yes," or "no."—"*Horace Saltoun*," *in the Cornhill Magazine.*

THE GOOD WIFE.—She never crosses her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water; and then, mildly, she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him as to acquit herself. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot; and are far more tractable in cold blood. It is an observation of seamen, that if a single meteor or fire-ball falls on their mast, it portends ill luck; but if two come together, (which they account Castor and Pollux,) they presage good success. But sure in a family it bodeth most bad when two fire-balls—husband's and wife's anger—come both together.

ETIQUETTE.

USAGES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

THE BALL-ROOM.

As it is necessary for every young person who goes into society to learn to dance, in acquiring that art they will of course become familiar with the etiquette of the ball-room. If you are a stranger at a ball, you apply to the managers for a partner and are presented to a lady, with whom you dance. This does not entitle you to claim her acquaintance afterwards, and you should not even recognize her again unless she makes the first advances with a bow or a smile. In Europe it is customary for a gentleman to take off his hat to any lady in whose society he had ever been. But here we are more particular. We wait for the lady to first recognize us. Few ladies who go to public balls would object to being noticed by their ball-room acquaintances, or fail to bow on meeting, when you can respond by lifting your hat. Never invite a strange lady to dance with you unless you have been presented to her for that purpose.

White or yellow tinted gloves are indispensable either at a ball or a dancing party. Lead the lady through the quadrille; do not drag her or clasp her hand too tight. Never stand up to dance unless you are acquainted with the figures and know some of the steps. Dance quietly. Do not kick and caper about nor sway your body, but let your motion be from the hips downward. Do not pride yourself too much on the neatness of your step, lest you be taken for a dancing master. When you are waltzing with a lady, do not press her waist, but touch it lightly with the open palm of your hand.

If a lady should civilly decline to dance with you, making an excuse, and you chance to see her dancing afterwards, do not take any notice of it, nor be offended with her. It might not be that she despised you, but that she preferred another. We cannot always fathom the hidden springs which influence a woman's actions, and there are many bursting hearts within white satin dresses; therefore do not insist upon the fulfilment of established regulations "de rigueur." Besides, it is a hard case that women should be compelled to dance with everybody offered them, at the alternative of not being allowed to enjoy themselves at all.

If a lady friend be engaged when you request her to dance, and she promises to be your partner for the next or any of the following dances, do not neglect her when the time comes, but be in readiness to fulfil your office as her cavalier, or she may think that you have studiously slighted her, besides preventing her obliging some one else. Even inattention and forgetfulness, by showing how little you care for a lady, form in themselves a tacit insult.

Never quarrel in a ball-room, or show the least resentment. All misunderstandings must be settled outside. It is in bad taste to be over officious in noticing derelictions from strict propriety, for well-bred women will not thank you for defending them under such circumstances, as they do not like to become conspicuous; and in all matters they are generally able and willing to take care of themselves, and overwhelm the offender in some quiet way. It is only serious and glaring violations of decorum that should be publicly noticed.

In meeting your friends at a ball or promenade, it is only necessary to salute them once for the whole evening. Some people are constantly nodding and bowing, which is quite disagreeable.

THE STREET.

While walking the street no one should be so absent-minded as to neglect to recognize his friends. If you do not stop, you should always bow, touch your hat, or bid your friend good day. If you stop, you can offer your hand without removing your glove. If you stop to talk, retire on one side of the walk. If your friend has a stranger with him and you have anything to say, you should apologize to the stranger. Never leave your friend abruptly to see another person without asking him to excuse your departure. If you meet a gentleman of your acquaintance walking with a lady whom you do not know, lift your hat as you salute them. If you know the lady, you should salute her first.

If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, if she is an intimate friend, you can confidently salute her by lifting your hat—if only a casual acquaintance, wait for her to recognize you first. Never offer to shake hands with a lady in the street if you have on dark gloves, as you may soil her white ones. If you meet a lady friend with whom you wish to converse, you must not stop, but turn and walk along with her; and should she be walking with a gentleman, first assure yourself that you are not intruding before you attempt to join the two in their walk.

In walking with ladies in the street, gentlemen should treat them with the most scrupulous politeness. It is customary to give them the inside of the walk, but there may be places where the outside would be safer, and you should then change sides.

You should offer your arm to a lady with whom you are walking whenever her safety, comfort, or convenience may seem to require such attention on your part. At night your arm should always be tendered, and also when ascending the steps of a public building. In walking with any person you should keep step with military precision, and with ladies and elderly people you should always accommodate your speed to theirs.

If a lady with whom you are walking receives the salute of a person who is a stranger to you, you should return it, not for yourself, but for her.

When a lady whom you accompany wishes to enter a store, you should hold the door open and allow her to enter first, if practicable; for you must never pass before a lady anywhere, if you can avoid it, or without an apology.

BONNETS.

Of all the charms dear woman wears,
Of all her manly traps and snares,
For real effect there's nought compares
With a truly pretty bonnet;
For when or wherever you chance to meet
One that is perfectly modest and neat,
You may depend that 'tis a proof complete,
That the head has more in than on it.

No matter whether she's pretty or not,
How much or how little money she's got,
Whether she lives in a mansion or cot,
'Tis a fact, depend upon it;
The woman to make a man happy thro' life,
To make a model mother and wife,
In one who, scorning this milliner's strife,
Wears a plain and tasteful bonnet.

Now, a bonnet of genuine beauty and grace,
Worn on the head in its proper place,
Shadowing faintly the wearer's face,
"Is the thing for a song or a sonnet;"
But one of these gay and gaudy things,
Made up of rainbows and butterfly wings,
A mixture of flowers, ribbons and strings,
Is dreadful, depend upon it.

A vulgar mass of "fuss and and feather,"
A little of everything thrown together,
As if by a touch of windy weather,
A wretched conglomeration—
A sort of cup to catch the hair,
Leaving the head to "go it bare,"
A striking example of "nothing to wear,"
Is this bonnet abomination.

It makes a woman look brazen and bold,
Assists her in catching nothing but cold,
It is bad on the young, absurd on the old,
And deforms what it ought to deck;
For look at her face, no bouquet is there,
See, at the side it hangs by a hair—
View it behind and you will declare
That the creature has broken her neck!

No matter where you may chance to be,
No matter how many women you see,
A promiscuous crowd or a certain she,
You may fully depend upon it,
That a gem of the very rare kind,
A thing most difficult to find,
A pet for which we long have pined,
Is a perfect love of a bonnet.

WIT AND SENTIMENT

Who Saw the Steer?

The richest thing of the season, says the Newburyport Herald, came off the other day in the neighborhood of the market. The greenest Jonathan imaginable, decked out in a slouched hat, a long blue frock, and a pair of cowhide shoes, as big as gondolas, with a huge whip under his arm, stalked into a billiard saloon, where half a dozen persons were improving the time in trundling round the ivories; and after recovering from his first surprise at the (to him) singular aspect of the room, inquired if any of 'em had seen a stray steer; affirming that "the blasted critter got away as he came through town with his drove t'other day, and hadn't seen nothin' of him since." The bloods denied all knowledge of the animal in question, and with much sly winking at each other, proceeded to condole with him on his loss in the most heartfelt manner. He watched the game with much interest, as he had evidently never seen or heard of anything of the kind before, and created much amusement by his demonstrations of applause when a good shot was made—"Jerusalem!" being a favorite ejaculation. At last he made bold to request the privilege of trying his skill, when he set the crowd in a roar by his awkward movements. However, he gradually got his hand in, and played as good as might be expected for a greenhorn. All hands now began to praise him, which so elated him that he actually began to think himself a second Phelan, and he offered to bet a dollar with his opponent, which, of course, he lost. The loss and the laugh so irritated him that he offered to play another game, and bet two dollars, which he pulled out of a big roll—seems his cattle had sold well, and he was flush. This bet he also lost, as the fool might have known he would; mad as a March hare, he pulled out a fifty spot, the largest bill he had, and offered to bet that on another game. The crowd mustered round and raised money enough to cover it, and at it they went again; by some strange turn of luck greeny won. He now offered to put up the hundred he had won against another hundred game, so they could now win back what they had lost, and fleece the fellow of his own roll besides. They sent for a famous player, who happened to have money enough to bet with, and another game was played, in which Jonathan bet and won. Another hundred was also raised and won; and it was not until he had blundered through a half dozen games, and by some unaccountable run of luck, won them all, drained the pockets of his opponents of about four hundred dollars, so that they soon began to smell a very large "mice." When everybody got tired of playing, he pulled his frock over his head, took his whip under his arm, and walked quietly out, turning round at the door, and remarking: "Gentlemen, if you should happen to see anything of that steer, I wish you would let me know." At the last accounts they had not seen the steer, but they had come to the conclusion that they saw the elephant.

Very Natural.

A man and his wife were seated by the fire. He was intently occupied in reading; she in some domestic cares. At length he raised his eyes from his book, and said: "It is here stated that Lot's wife looked back toward Sodom and was converted into a pillar of salt, because she coveted something she had left behind," and added, "I never thought it was for that reason." His wife very quietly asked: "What do you suppose induced her to look back, if it was not covetousness." He replied: "I always imagined it was a curiosity;" and after sitting a moment, he said: "It seems to me that I should have wanted to look back, if I had been in her place, should not you?" "Yes," she replied, "I think I should, especially if I had been told not to do it." How much human nature, not to say woman's nature, is developed in this remark!

Teaching by Example.

A French gentleman reproached his son for carrying a gold watch in a very careless and exposed manner; but the young gentleman persisted in the practice, in spite of parental admonition. In a crowd at the theatre, one evening, the old gentleman asked his son to tell him what o'clock it was, and the young man was distressed and mortified to find his watch had been stolen. "Never mind," said his father, smiling; "I took it myself, to show you how easily you could be robbed—here it is!" He put his hand in his fob to restore it; but lo, and behold it was gone! Some thief, more adroit than himself, had appropriated the property.

AN OLD aphorism declared, that, "Being patient is the hardest work that we have to do through life." That's so! says Quilp. Tried it once teaching district school—where all the worst boys were sons of committee-men, and the mischivous girls were unpunishably handsome!—*Boston Post.*

THE MAN everybody likes is generally a fool. The man who nobody likes is generally a knave. The man who has friends who would die for him, and foes who would love to see him broiled alive, is usually a man of some worth and force.

A YOUNG LADY complained that she had lost part of her ear-rings, and she thought it must have been at church. "A bad place, Miss, to have lost your hearing at," said an old servant to whom she was relating her loss.

WHEN Sir Thomes Parkes was pleading against Dr. Sacheverell, the doctor said to him, "I shall pray God to forgive you." "And while your hand is in," said Sir Thomas, "remember yourself, good doctor!"

A DANDY being told that he would soon have to wear a wig, as he was getting gray, exclaimed indignantly, "No, sir, I'll dye first!"

PRENTICE thinks the first part of married life is the shine of the honeymoon; the rest too often common moonshine.

PUZZLES, &c.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-one letters.
My 15 7 5 is a river in Russia.
My 3 19 21 27 is a river in Germany.
My 18 20 23 16 is a chain of mountains in Europe.
My 1 4 8 6 26 is a country in Africa.
My 17 10 25 is a city in the Southern part of Asia.
My 12 2 13 4 22 11 is a river in Canada.
My 7 28 22 20 is a city in European Russia.
My 12 18 24 is a river in South Carolina.
My 28 30 15 is a lake in Minnesota.
My 18 29 13 is a city in India.
My 6 14 31 10 16 is a river that flows into the Arabian Sea.
My 1 4 19 27 is a chain of lakes in California.
My 7 21 25 is a river in Russia.
My 24 3 31 is a river in Slavonia.
My 11 6 13 9 is a country in Asia.
My whole is the motto of every true American. H. A. V.

Greenfield, Pa., 1861.

CHARADE.

My first a fragrant garden flower,
My second is a forest tree;
My whole a seat of northern power,
Environed by an inland sea.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is that, which, though never so lasting, if you name you break? Silence.

Why is the evacuation of Fort Sumter like a scythe? It goes against the grain

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST WEEK'S "*Newspaper*:"—"*Mount Moriah School House.*"